THE WEEKLY GAZETTE.

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SENATOR PALMER ELECTED.

The Illinois Assembly at Last Reaches a Decision.

The Hundred and Forty-Fourth Ballot Brings the End.

Life and Public Services of the New Senator.

The City of Springfield Goes Wild Over the Result.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., March 11.—The republicans held a caucus in which the managing committee was empowered to handle the matter as it might think best.

That committee sent for Representative Moore, one of the five McBA men and offered him the solid republican vote of 100 if he and his two colleagues, Cockrell and Taubeneck, would join them. But Moore said: "I regret to be obliged to disappoint you, gentlemen, but your offer comes too late. After waiting eight weeks in vain for republican support, Cockrell and myself have decided to give our votes to General Palmer and have already set our signatures to an address to that effect."

A few minutes before the meeting of the joint assembly the republicans joined in a chorus "Auld Lang Syne" amid great applause. The democrats also struck up a melody, but of rather more cheerful nature. In the meantime every available inch of space in the chamber open to the public had been occupied by a throng intensely eager to witness the closing scenes in this memorable contest.

The republican steering committee ordered their members not to answer preliminary roll call. Senator Evans, however, disregarded the committee's injunction and answered "here" when his name was called. On the roll call of the house both Cockrell and Moore answered "here." Taubeneck did not answer to his name. Twenty-five senators and 79 members of the house have answered to their names," said the speaker. "It is now in order to take another vote for United States senator."

When Cockrell's name was called he rose to his feet and said: "Mr. Speaker—

"No speeches, no speeches. Vote, vote," shouted forty republican voices in unison.

"If you keep your mouth silent for a minute I will vote," said Cockrell. "I vote for John M. Palmer."

For a few minutes the democratic shouts and cheers that reverberated through the capitol were deafening. After a slight lull, they were renewed and it was two minutes before order could be restored. The republicans remained silent as the call proceeded.

Moore's name was called and in a perfectly calm voice he said, "John M. Palmer."

Again democratic enthusiasm found vent in prolonged cheers, and hats and tablets were thrown wildly in the air.

When the name of Morris, the colored republican, was called, that gentleman voted for Cicero F. Lindley. The programme then became for all the republicans to vote for Lindley, it having been found impossible for Fuller or any man to receive the full republican vote.

Representative Taubeneck, when his name was called, voted for A. J. Streeter, nominee of the F. M. B. A. party, and dropping in his ballot burst into tears of sincere sorrow. No one doubted his sincerity, and cheer after cheer from the republican side rewarded his loyalty to his party nominee.

The verification of the roll showed every republican voting for Lindley, every democrat for Palmer, Moore and Cockrell for Palmer, and Taubeneck for Streeter.

"On the 144th ballot," said Speaker Crafts, "the whole number of votes cast is 204, necessary to a choice 103, of which John M. Palmer has received 103 votes, (democratic applause,) A. J. Streeter, one vote, and C. F. Lindley, 100 votes, and I hereby declare John M. Palmer duly elected United States senator to represent the state of Illinois in the congress of the United States for the term of six years."

Deafening applause from the democratic side and the galleries greeted this announcement. The democratic representatives cheered themselves hoarse and, mounting their desks, threw hats and papers and basses in the air. Several members blew horns.

A joint committee was appointed to notify General Palmer of his election. He was conducted into the chamber by the committee. He appeared by the side of the speaker and was greeted with applause. Speaker Crafts introduced him and he spoke as follows:

Gentlemen of the Forty-eighth General Assembly: You ought scarcely expect me to speak at this time. I feel more like singing, 'Ain't I glad to get out of the wilderness.' I thank you the members for vindicating the rights of the people. By a majority of votes was expressed the desire of the people to elect me senator and my election is historical. You men who have labored so long to elect your independent candidate also deserve my thanks. (Applause.) My republican friends, thank you too; you in the contest represented the old method of electing senators. I thank you that the contest has been free from personalities. (Applause.) The occasion does not require a long speech."

The joint assembly then adjourned sine die.

This has been a gala day for the capital city of Illinois. For nearly six years, in fact since Mr. Palmer forfeited the movement in the west for "senators by the vote of the people," it has been the cherished dream of his Springfield friends and admirers throughout the state that he might ultimately be chosen as the successor of Douglas in the Prairie State and the first democratic United States senator from Illinois since the days of the "Little Giant," thirty years ago. This dream has been realized, and the pent up exultation of the Springfield and Illinois democracy has found expression in every form of hilarity and celebration known to the refinements of civilization.

All the afternoon and evening scenes of shouting and cheering democrats echoed frequently by a man with a tin horn, gong or some musical (?) instrument have marched through the streets and corridors of the hotels of the city, and when tired of marching they have invariably wound up at General Palmer's residence where, entirely unmindful of the fact that the general was at his office several blocks away or seeking seclusion in the democratic state committee rooms, they have given cheer after cheer for the democratic senatorelect.

Immediately after the election of Gen. Palmer was known the church and fire bells of the city began to ring and above his voice, when addressing the joint assembly, could be heard the triumphant medley of yells. Every factory and manufacturing establishment in the city quite regardless of the politics of the proprietors, blew in unison their whistles in appreciation of the fact that Springfield now claims both of the Illinois senators. Private residences hung out their flags and bunting, and from the staff of every public building in the city proudly floated the colors of the nation.

To night the festivity still continues. Fireworks and sky rockets from the public square must be visible to the Illinois farmers for many miles over the prairies. Chinese lanterns, transparencies and illumination on every hand testify the admiration of the citizens of Springfield for their distinguished townsman.

All parties seem to be well satisfied with the election of General Palmer. Republicans, almost to a man, are gratified with the action of the republican members in voting on the final ballot for Cicero F. Lindley, president of the F. M. B. A. of this state. They see in that action, so they say, the consolidation of the republicans.

John McCauley Palmer, governor in 1869-72, was born in Scott county in 1817. During his infancy his father, who had been a soldier in the war of 1812, removed to Christian county, Kentucky, where he remained till 1838, when he emigrated to Madison county, Illinois. Young Palmer received a little schooling. During the summer of 1838 he formed the acquaintance of Stephen A. Douglas when making his first canvass for congress. Young, eloquent and in politics accord with Mr. Palmer, he won his confidence, fired his ambition and excited his purpose to enter upon the study of the law, and he was admitted to practice in 1839. From that time on he was much interested in politics. In 1843 he became probate judge. In 1847, he was elected to the state constitutional convention, where he took a leading part. In 1852 he was sent to the state senate. He ran for congress in 1859 but was defeated. In 1860, he was the republican presidential elector for the state at large. In 1861 he was appointed one of the five delegates, as republicans, sent by Illinois to the peace congress at Washington. When the civil conflict broke out he offered his services to his country and was elected colonel of the Fifth Illinois infantry and participated in the engagements at Island No. 10, Farmington, Chickamauga and Stone River, and for his gallantry at the latter place was made major general. Under General Sherman he was assigned the Fourth army corps and participated in the Atlanta campaign. In February, 1865, he was assigned to the military administration of Kentucky. General Palmer was nominated for governor of Illinois by the republicans in 1868 and elected by a large majority. His political course during his term was such as to alienate him from his party. He was then accepted as a democrat and such he has ever since been, but though a force in politics, since then he has remained in private life. He received the indorsement of the democratic state convention held in June last for the office of United States senator, and the instructions under which every democratic senator and representative was elected in November last were considered as obligating him to vote for no one else for senator.

A Sensational Rumor.

CHICAGO, March 10.—A Montreal special says: An officer of the British navy, who is in the city on business states that there is more significance to be attached to the approaching visit of Lord Wolseley to Canada than is generally believed. Lord Wolseley, he said, will sail shortly for Canada and will at once proceed to the Pacific coast where, in company with General Herbert he will inspect the defenses of British Columbia and more particularly the naval yard at Esquimault. He will remain at Victoria until the United States have given their ultimatum with regard to the Behring sea question. When asked what he thought of the outlook and the possibility of an early settlement of the matters of dispute between Canada and the United States he said: "I would not be surprised to find Great Britain and the United States at war before the year is out. The British government have been remaining quiet in view of the possibility of the Liberal party in Canada getting into power."

In conclusion he said that the activity about the British docks yards clearly showed that England was preparing to be ready for an emergency. "Just mark my words," he added, "if Great Britain and the United States do not measure swords before the year closes they will come so near that only the merest amount of strategy will avert it."

Pittsburg's Great Fire.

PITTSBURG, March 12.—The great Wood street fire was not entirely subdued until 6 o'clock this morning, but the flames were kept within the bounds of the Wesling and Germania bank buildings. Both these structures are completely ruined. As near as can be estimated to day, the loss will be about $800,000, upon which there is $225,000 insurance. The heaviest losers are J. H. Wesling & Co., the Germania bank and Adam Reinman Carnegie's, the chamber of commerce and the custom house also sustained quite heavy losses. The origin of the fire is still a mystery. No lives lost.

To Receive the Czarewitch.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 12.—The Jewish community is divided in opinion as to just what attention should be shown to the czarowitz, the heir-less son of the emperor of Russia, who will arrive in this city on the China steamer in about two weeks. Some think that, as the representative of the Russian government, which has passed laws inflicting great hardships and injustice upon the Jews, making exiles and bankrupts of thousands of them, that the czarowitz should be coldly received by San Francisco. Others think that he should be openly snubbed, while the less radical believe that he should be ignored by the Jewish people and courteously treated by the city officials.

Senator Hearst's Funeral.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 12.—The committee having in charge the local arrangements for the funeral of the late Senator Hearst has completed arrangements. Governor Markham and prominent citizens of the city and state have been requested to act as pall bearers. The congressional committee and party accompanying the remains will be met at Oakland by the local committee. At the foot of Market street the remains will be taken in charge by the Third regiment and escorted to Grace church, where they will lie in state until Sunday afternoon, when the funeral service will be held. The service will be conducted by the Rev. Moore, rector of Grace church. The Third regiment will guard the remains.

The Rock Island Suit.

KANSAS CITY, March 12.—Judge Barnes today signed the decree in the case of the Rock Island railroad and the Denver and Rio Grande, which has created so much interest in the railroad world.

Each party appealed from those portions of the decree against it, so that the arguments will be handed up Denver as they have been since Judge Miller granted the injunction, until the appeal is disposed of.

Temporarily Embarrassed.

MACON, Ga., March 11.—An application for a receiver for the Macon Construction company, one of the largest concerns in the south, was filed last night in the office of the clerk of the supreme court by C. S. McGhee & Co. Two liens were filed at the same time, one for $285,000 and the other for $99,600. It is believed here that the embarrassment of the construction company is only temporary as its assets are very large.

The Tennessee Floods.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., March 11.—The Tennessee river reached its maximum here this morning, rising 38½ feet on the gauge. There was a stand of two inches during the day, but the rain is again falling and the chances are that the 40 foot mark will be reached. All the railroads are still hampered by submerged tracks and the lower portions of the city are still under water.

The Sensible Way.

NEW YORK, March 11.—The jury in the trial of James A. Simmons for aiding Clausen wreck the Sixth National bank, after being out all night, came into court at noon to-day and announced that they had been unable to agree upon a verdict and asked to be discharged. Judge Benedict denied the request, and the jurors were locked up again.

A New Jersey.

EL PASO, Tex., March 12.—Mr. Otty, private secretary of Captain Pullen, who will have charge of the new ice company formed here, accompanied by Government Architect Garner, arrived to day from Washington. They say Captain Pullen will arrive to morrow and immediately commence work on the post for which $800,000 has been appropriated.

LAID TO REST.

Funeral of Ex-Senator Chilcott in Pueblo Yesterday.

Business Was Suspended While the Sky Wept.

Numerous Distinguished Guests in Attendance.

An Eloquent Tribute to His Worth and Services.

Senator Chilcott's Funeral.

PUEBLO, March 12.—The remains of the late Senator Chilcott have lain in state since Monday noon at his former law office on Sixth street, where thousands of his old friends took their last look of the familiar face. This morning the body was removed to the Main Street Methodist church and arrangements made for the obsequies this afternoon.

The coffin is trimmed in solid black velvet and satin. On the lid is an elegant silver plate, which has been prepared by the Knights Templar with the words: "George M. Chilcott, Our Brother." The casket is covered with a profusion of flowers and the face of the dead man is very serene.

Relatives of the deceased from Salida, Iowa and Kansas are present to attend the funeral, as well as a committee from the legislature, and distinguished men from all over the state. Business is suspended, and mourning is general.

The funeral services were held this afternoon at 2 o'clock in the Main Street Methodist church. The Rev. T. D. Vincent, who officiated, made an excellent address, eulogizing the deceased. The church was packed. The pall bearers were S. C. Gallup, James Rice, C. F. Cooley, J. J. Thomas, Geo. J. Dunbaugh and P. B. Thomas. The Knights Templar and Odd Fellows and other societies took part in the funeral procession which was the largest ever in Pueblo has ever witnessed. The remains were interred with Masonic honors in the North Side cemetery.

There was probably no man in all Colorado who possessed the friendship of all classes to a greater extent than ex-Senator Chilcott, and his death is universally mourned.

The Seal Fisheries.

WASHINGTON, March 12.—Secretary Foster has asked the attorney general to construe section 1,963 revised statutes as to whether the annual rent of the North American Commercial company for the seal privileges can be reduced or not. The lease of the seal privileges for the islands of St. George and St. Paul to the North American Commercial company is for the period of twenty years. The rental is fixed at $60,000 per year and the company has to pay $2 a head tax on each seal killed and $7.50 for each seal taken.

The number of seals to be taken each year under the lease shall not be more than 100,000, but in the discretion of the secretary of the treasury a lesser number may be fixed upon, and the number to be taken each year is left to his discretion. Government agents have reported that the seals are in a fair way to be exterminated, and Secretary Foster is inclined to cut at the killing to the minimum. He does not follow Agent Elliott's recommendation and prevent the taking of seals in Asiatan waters altogether for several years. The North American Commercial company in view of this contingency do not think that they should pay a heavy rental for what they do not get, and have asked the secretary of the treasury if he cannot stop the killing of seals or reduce, or remit altogether, their annual rental. In this dilemma Secretary Foster has asked upon the attorney general for a construction of the law in the case. Last year the number of seals killed was about 60,000, though at the beginning of the season the secretary of the treasury fixed 60,000 as the number to be killed. But as they were becoming scarce, he, in his discretion, revoked the first order.

Canada Wants Reciprocity.

OTTAWA, Ont., March 12.—Sir Charles Tupper said in an interview to-day:

"I am very sanguine that reciprocal trade arrangements on a broad and liberal basis between Canada and the United States will be made very soon, embracing such articles, whether products of the forest or of the farm, as can be arranged to the mutual advantage of both countries. My confidence in that result arises from the fact that Mr. Blaine was known to be strongly opposed to the McKinley tariff act, and he has sought to relieve that measure of the natural consequences which must follow from its by-proposals for reciprocal arrangements with other countries. So far from refusing to make anything but treaties of measures reciprocity, the treaty he has made with Brazil simply embraces articles that both countries agreed could be exchanged to the mutual benefit of each, either free or at a reduced rate of duty, leaving many other articles at existing rates of duty. The treaty that Mr. Blaine has made with Newfoundland is precisely of the same character and embraces the same part on arsenal would be included in a treaty that Canada would be prepared to make with the United States.

As Canada affords an infinitely better class of subjects for fishermen of the United States than Newfoundland, there is no reason why Mr. Blaine should not embrace the opportunity of ridding the McKinley bill of its worst feature by a broad and liberal trade arrangement with Canada. Mr. Blaine is undoubtedly a very eminent and able statesman, and, so owing no doubt the discussion of issues between the two parties in this country has learned that the statement that the conservative government and party are unfriendly to the United States is not only devoid of foundation, but the very reverse of the truth. Mr. Blaine, finding now entirely he has been misled as to the real position of the two parties in this country, will have no doubt be prepared to give most friendly considerations to the wishes of the government of Canada to have freer and more friendly trade relations between the Dominion and the United States."

French Bank in Trouble.

PARIS, March 12.—The Societe des Depots des Comptes Courants of this city is in a critical position. The societe has recently suffered acutely during the recent financial crisis in London and Buenos Ayres. The company at the present time has only 18,000,000 francs on hand with which to meet claims amounting to 68,000,000 francs. After a long consultation between the company's directors and its executive officers, it was decided to ask the government to come to the assistance of the imperial financial institution. Consequently M. Donon, the managing director, called upon M. Rouviere, the minister of finance, and plainly stated the whole case to him. Finally M. Donon asked M. Rouviere to advance the company the sum of 50,000,000 francs. After making some inquiries as to the financial position of the company M. Rouviere placed himself in communication with the directors of the Bank of France and after giving them all the information which had been furnished to the ministry of finance by M. Donon, asked the Bank of France to come to the assistance of the company.

The directors of the Bank of France, after some deliberation, said that they felt compelled to refuse to grant the assistance asked for. M. Rouviere then informed M. Donon of the failure of his application to the Bank of France, and with the permission of the director of the Societe des Depots des Comptes Courants, the minister of finance convened a meeting of the directors of the leading financial houses of Paris. The meeting of financiers who responded to the call of the minister of finance were twice in session yesterday, in an endeavor to bring about some arrangements similar to that which, in the case of the Baring Bros. & Co., of London, saved that house from utter collapse. That there are difficulties in the way of accomplishing the object in view is evident from the fact that the financiers failed to come to an understanding at their first meeting. The result of the second consultation is as yet not given to the public.

At 2:15 p. m. the Societe was paying freely and meeting all the demands made upon it by the run, which naturally set in when the alarming rumor became freely circulated.

The meeting resulted in the Bank of France agreeing to advance most of the money required. The shares of the Societe have fallen to 375 francs, a decline of thirteen francs in two days. The following is the basis of the settlement decided upon. The Bank of France advances 30,000,000 francs to the Societe, which sum is guaranteed by the heirs of the Societe, and the Societe cashes for 375 francs per share from its shareholders, and the financial houses jointly guarantee the sum of 15,000,000 francs to the Bank of France. The assets of the Societe will be assigned for the payment of the advances. It is understood that the liabilities of the Societe are under 60,000,000 francs.

Italian Statesmen Squabble.

ROME, March 12.—A disgraceful incident took place yesterday evening during a debate in the chamber of deputies. Signor Imoriana, excited by some remarks, shouted to the Crispi group, "You are the servants of Austria!" To this taunt Signor Crispi replied, "Servants, no; good friends, yes." Upon hearing Sig. Crispi's reply, Sig. Imoriani repeated his remark. "You are servants of Austria!" To this Sig. Crispi retorted with a gross insult. Incensed Sig. Imoriani called upon Sig. Crispi to withdraw his remarks, but the ex premier refused to do so, saying that while he held the position of minister of state he had been forced to endure the annoyances of Signor Imoriani. "But now," angrily cried Sig. Crispi, "I am no longer bound to do so, as I am only a deputy. In my pocket I have a revolver, if Sig. Imoriani annoys me let him beware." A scene of considerable excitement followed the utterance of these threatening words.

Investigating Grievances.

PUEBLO, March 12.—A board of inquiry convened at the division headquarters of the Denver and Rio Grande this city at 10 o'clock this morning to investigate and report on certain grievances filed by the joint grievance committee of the order of railway conductors and railway trainmen on behalf of the conductors and brakemen of the second and third divisions. The committee of employees consists of Conductors D. E. Wilcox and W. Dunn and Brakemen Cole and Clark. The board of inquiry is composed of Superintendent of Transportation J. J. Byrnes, Superintendent Deve, Superintendent of Machinery Sample and Superintendent Ridgeway.

The meeting to day was a private one, and little was given up in listening to the statements from the committee of employes. The board of inquiry expects to remain in session at least two days longer.

The Democratic Bigamist.

CHICAGO, March 12.—A special dispatch from Lansing, Mich., says that the senate was the scene of turbulence yesterday, when the president declared adopted a resolution that the committee on the contested election case of Friedlander vs. Morse be relieved from its further consideration. Friedlander is the democratic senator who is charged with bigamy in having married an Indian woman and then deserted her for another.

During the session he withdrew to the lieutenant governor's room to escape arrest on the charge of bigamy. It is said that he practically admits the truth of the charge and that last night he offered the attorneys of wife No. 1 $1000 if immunity from criminal prosecution would be granted him. The attorneys refused to accept. The democrats are assured that Friedlander is once arrested and taken to Detroit to answer the charge against him, the republicans will unseat Brice and give his seat to Morse. Therefore they are prepared to serve a writ of habeas corpus as soon as the arrest is made. If this plan fails, the democrat senators propose to slip away to Canada and thus leave the senate one vote short of a quorum until Friedlander obtains bail and can return to Lansing.

Rhode Island Democrats.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 12.—The democratic state convention met in Music hall at 2 o'clock. The old state ticket was then renominated throughout as follows: John W. Davis and Hon. W. T. Watuwe of Bristol, governor and lieutenant governor respectively. E. D. McGuiness of secretary of state, John T. Perry of South Kingstown for general treasurer and Zerba O. Slocum for attorney general.

The platform adopted reiterates the approval of the St. Louis platform of 1888, demands free raw materials for manufacturing industries and the free entry of the necessaries of life. It does not advocate the impossible theory of free trade but believes in a freer trade with all countries. It favors honest money, sufficient to cover the needs of the people, and congratulates fellow citizens on the deliverance from the tyranny of ex-Speaker Reed.

All the candidates nominated appeared and made speeches, after which the state central committee was elected.

Cattlemen's Association.

DALLAS, Tex., March 12.—The fifteenth annual convention of the Northwestern Cattlemen's association has adjourned to meet in Fort Worth on the second Tuesday of next March. There were a greater number of practical cattlemen present than have attended similar meetings. The range cattle country along the line of the plains from Montana to the Gulf was represented, and the report from the whole range country, with the exception of a few drought stricken spots, was that the range cattle have been particularly well preserved during the past season. Very little suffering has been occasioned by storms, and the grazing was good all through the winter.

A. P. Brush, Jr., of Colorado City, was elected president for a third term. C. A. Loving, who has been secretary fifteen years and treasurer twelve years, with the balance of the old officers, were re-elected without opposition.

A Necessary Denial.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., March 12.—The story telegraphed from the east that the party had assumed the nature of a runaway trip has reached the ears of the congressmen who escorted the remains of Senator Hearst from Washington and aroused in them indignation. Judge Valentine, sergeant-at-arms of the senate, declared that it was an unkind and wholly untrue reflection upon the gentlemen composing the committees. It was a sad journey, he said, and all those who attended the funeral (including the largest committees ever sent out by congress to attend a funeral) were impressed with sadness. Certainly the coaches showed no sign of the wild hilarity of which the dispatch had spoken.

Mining Under Aspen.

At a recent meeting of the Aspen city council a petition was received from the Argentum company, of which C. C. Hagerman, of this city, is president, praying for permission to mine under the streets and alleys east of Galena street. This petition was considered by the city fathers, who at first rather favored the idea of a royalty being paid on all ore extracted, but the matter has been compromised by the Argentum Junior company paying the sum of $10,000 for the privilege asked, $5,000 of this to be paid April 1 and the remainder in eighteen months. The territory involved is that portion of the city which lies directly on the contact between the Aspen Mining and Smelting company's property and the Mollie Gibson.

PRINTING IN JAPAN.

Publishing an English Book in a Foreign Country.

Oriental Procrastination in the Printing Business.

The Dainty Volume of Poems that Resulted.

Poets are particular about their books. They wish the covers to have the individuality of beauty which the contents have to themselves. I was probably not more foolish than the ordinary run of poets, when being in Japan I conceived the wish of publishing one of my poems in the style appropriated to poetry by this most poetical people.

Every one said: "Go to the Hakubunsha. They do the best work, and one man in their establishment can speak a little English." For printing a book in English this seemed to be an advantage; so to the Hakubunsha I went.

The interpreter, who of course would get his squeeze out of the arrangement, came to my hotel before breakfast on the day of the appointment full of importance and in European clothes. A couple of hours later we crossed the moat (the Tokyo hotel stands just within the castle walls) and within one block after we had turned into the Ginza came to the Hakubunsha.

I respected my publisher from the first. He was a Jap of the old school, who had most of his hair shaved off and the rest cosmetiqued up into a top knot at the back of his head. He wore no hat, and a quiet rich gray silk kimono, white split-toed socks, and handsome sandals, and he couldn't talk any English at all—not one word. He really was a Japanese gentleman, a member of the Maple club, brother of the court chamberlain, and with quite distingue manners, which made him a distinct bore when one was in a hurry.

He invited us up stairs to his private room. Mr. Sunnoo, the interpreter—we used to speak of him as Man Sunday—kicked his boots off at the foot of the spotless clean deal stairs (which Sir Edwin would have called "hand dressed firwood") but Mr. Nagao, the publisher, made signs that we were on no account to do so. Otherwise that business would have been conducted in the shop. In winter especially it is by no means pleasant to take one's boots off to sit in an ill heated, draughty Japanese room. Up stairs we found Mr. Nagao's private room divided into two, one corner being screened off and carpeted and provided with a stiff little table and chairs, as more impressive to customers than the charming room left a la Japonais, with its beautiful pale straw mattings, its tokonoma and chigai dana recess, with the usual appendages, a screen or two, a little spindle-legged scarlet table the size of a foot-stool to support a blue and white porcelain pot containing one of the dwarfed and trained plum trees (one mass of double pink blossom), and a large example of the *motchi*, tripe bun shaped New Year cakes, made of pounded rice flour dough, which have a semi-sacred character until they have been kept so many days after the New Year, when they are eaten. A vase of flowers, symbolically selected, stood before them, and they were raised on one of those queer little flat-rimmed tables, like a Japanese tea tray on legs. The room itself was a delightful one, surrounded on two sides by glass shutters, through which the sun flooded on a winter morning.

There was a good deal of bowing to be got through before we sat down—not in the beautiful Japanesy room, but round the little lodging house table in the other room we were each provided with a charcoal stove for warming the fingers, a pipe was offered to us, and then the honorable tea was brought with honorable oranges and honorable cakes and honorable candies. I made up my mind to swallow the tea. The interpreter seemed to think that this was necessary to the validity of the business. But I soon found that I could not keep up. Fresh tea was brought about every ten minutes, and the business took us a whole morning.

The book I was going to publish, I must premise, was "Lester, the Loyalist," a romance of the founding of Canada—an hexameter poem of eight or nine hundred lines. When once we got down to business I found that I had hit upon the right man. Mr. Nagao proved to be one of the leading authorities on the etiquette in the form of books. In Japan everything has its etiquette and its symbolism. The arrangement of flowers in a cottage vase rigorously obeys it. It descends even to the pipe cases of the various classes of coolies. A pipe case picked up on the floor of the room in which the heroic Canadian missionary, Lange, was assassinated, proved that one of his assailants, at any rate, was a betto (groom).

First Mr. Nagao had brought in, each by a separate servant, and each carefully wrapped in a silken cloth, tied round it as the British workmen ties his red cotton handkerchief round his lunch, famous books of fabulous antiquity, very likely autographs of the thirty-six poets themselves, or those twin stars of eighth century Japanese poetry, Hitomaro and Akahito. Beautiful books they were, bounds in silks that hundreds of years after retained their delicate hues and brocades of the marvelous Japanese patterns, bound with the superlative Japanese finish that leaves nothing to be desired, though simple as unstained firwood. Some of them folded like screens, though they had fifty or more of the double Japanese leaves; some were stitched between flexible covers of costly fabrics, the stitching being done with flossy silk outside the covers, about half an inch from the back of the book. In these books the covers had no backs, and the double leaves were bound in double, with their backs outward. In Japan they only use one side of the paper, and books are invariably printed from top to bottom. On some of these books blocks had been used, but they nearly always were written and illustrated by hand. Japanese fancy writing is as beautiful, as elegant, and delicate as a maidenhair fern.

These priceless books that had taken patient hands months and months to make, on paper that could not be bought for money now, were hardly in my line, considering that I wanted 500 copies. And so the servants bore them off in procession. Moreover, as the ordinary Japanese poem consists only of 31 syllables, such as the famous one of which the translation is, "When I gaze toward the place where the cuckoo has been singing, naught remains but the moon in the early dawn," one copy of a poem of 900 hexameters would take up as much space as 450 of them.

The procession returned with books in the modern style, very few of them poetry. Can it be that even the unprogressive Asiatic has found that poetry is a dissipation rather than a profession? They served, however, to illustrate, as well as anything could be illustrated through the interpretations of Man Sunday, how, with certain modifications, a poetry book of the new style should be brought out. Imprimis, it was distinctly poetical to use the whitey Chinese paper instead of the soft ivory colored silky Japanese paper. I demurred at this, and Mr. Nagao said the point did not signify much. But it would be necessary to have one of the standard poetical emblems on the front and another on the back of the book. He suggested "water" for the former and "wind" for the latter. I found that "wind" was conveyed by the curl of a leaf, but that "water" could only be implied by a sort of Cambridge blue worm squirming across the cover. As the subject was the "Romance of the Founding of Canada," it would have been simply grotesque to have this worm squirming all over it, so I struck again and asked if there were not any more poetical emblems, and he went on rehearsing them till he came to the very thing—the maple, which enters into Japanese life almost as much as it does into Canadian. So we settled on having a sprig of the autumn tinted maple on the front cover, to signify something or other which I don't remember, and to have a few leaves drifting across the back, one of which should be curled in a manner that signified "wind." As the maple had to be printed in several colors, several wood blocks were required for both back and front, but the making of these and those for the inside of the book altogether cost only six of the depreciated Japanese dollars.

At first Mr. Nagao wanted to have pictures for the inside. Japanese poetry books, he explained, always had pictures, but Japanese subjects clearly were out of the question, and after seeing the Japanese history of the great Napoleon with his soldiers in the armor of the fifteenth century, I trembled to think how the War of Independence would be treated, and suggested as a compromise that he should have designs drawn from the maple and blocks prepared for them, to be printed on the pages in light gray under the text. This, he said, was new, but thoroughly in keeping with the Japanese spirit in such matters, and he waxed enthusiastic in working out my idea. Fetching out a box of paints, and wetting and washing out his brush in his mouth, in a few minutes he had painted us lovely designs in autumn tints for the covers and in pearly grays for the inside.

The question of price was to be deferred till his treasurers could work out the estimates, but of course I should be charged according to his special rates. Perhaps in Japan, as in America, the only people who do not get special rates are the people who forget to ask the price beforehand. And then there was more tea, more compliments, more bowings, a polite but clumsy shuffle down stairs, a resumption of sandals and shoes by Mr. Nagao and Man Sunday, more compliments and bowings, and a desperate bolt from the door to get back to the hotel in time for lunch.

A day or two afterward the estimates arrived. Toko, our hotel boy, knocked at my study door, bowed to the ground, and said: "Mayeda-San, sir, Japanese boy from the Hakubunsha." Mayeda-San, the English-speaking clerk of the Hakubunsha, was shown up, a bright looking Japanese with a mop of hair hanging over his eyes and cut in the western way to show that he did not believe in either of the national religions. But he did not wear a hat or European boots, so he was evidently not of very advanced opinions. He began by informing us that he, too, was a poet, and tendering us a poem that he had written in conjunction with his partner, who was a street photographer. It was not long—"Dust of Light at the back of the ocean"—but it was transcribed with unusual delicacy of calligraphy, even for a Japanese, with a dainty little painting of the dawn in one corner. The reader may not have recognized that the poem described dawn.

The estimates arrived in the shape of a number of samples of paper sewed together with a slip of tightly twisted paper, and marked No. 1, No. 2, and so on, while on another paper the prices were written down. Unfortunately the estimates were in Japanese writing, which only one foreigner in a hundred can ever learn to decipher. But Mayeda-San translated fairly well to give me a general idea, and said he would bring them back in English to close the contract.

Mr. Mayeda himself interested us very much. He was remarkably intelligent for a Japanese of the lower order, and was fairly delighted because we allowed him to examine the European things we had about the room. He had the greatest ambition to possess European articles, but he was too poor. He supported all his relations but his brother, "who lived in a much better house." Just about that time my little boy had been changing his foreign stamps from an old album into a new one. He had cut most of the stamps out. I showed Mayeda-San the old album, and offered it to him for his little boy to see what he would say. His eyes fairly sparkled, and he carried it off in triumph and pasted up every hole and ruled the red lines over the patches to fit in with the uninjured squares with that marvelous skill the Japanese have for patching artistically.

Not long after this, having settled the question of estimates, I left the manuscript with Mr. Mayeda to be printed while we were away. We were just going down to Hong Kong for the races. When we came back from China several weeks afterwards, I wrote from Yokohama to ask for the proofs. I found that, with true Japanese procrastination, they hadn't even begun them. Mr. Mayeda wrote:

"GENTLEMEN: I duly received your letter at 7 o'clock this P. M. and I understood very well what you have written for me. I inform you that we are being in a hurry some other printing things, because it is a thing of limited day's and it must be printed all up to the end of the month so we did not set it up of your poem. * * * So I entreat to you I am your very humble servant.

"H. MAYEDA.

"P. S.—It is so bad climate, but are your family well? If so I am exceedingly glad of it."

A few days afterward—it was the rainy season now—we heard the shuffling out of clogs outside that never-to-be-forgotten sitting room of ours on the sea front of the Club hotel, Yokohama—a delightful room with a great bay window, from which you could throw an orange into the sea, and two other windows, its private entrance to the street, and its two bedrooms en suite. It was Mr. Mayeda—very much umbrella—to the Japanese a European umbrella is as precious and paraded as a cross of the Legion of Honor. He had brought the proofs. We forgot all the delays when we saw them, they were so beautiful, and really, considering that M. Mayeda was the only man in the establishment who could read a word of English, the printing was exceedingly correct. The books had turned out a complete success, though, of course, the proofs of the covers did not look as well as they would when mounted and creped. The Japanese have a process by which they can make paper crepe book covers as stiff as buckram.

"Well, Mr. Mayeda, how did your little boy like the stamp book you mended up for him so beautifully?"

"Ah! it is very sad: he has gone to hell. But the little boy he has loved the stamp book so that he has taken it to hell with him. It's on his grave, do you call it?"

A few more weeks passed. Mr. Mayeda brought us the perfect book. He was so flushed and tearful that I poured him a couple of bumpers of vermouth, which he drank off with the excitement of an unemployed workman in England when he makes a trifle by chance and spends it right off on his beloved gin.

"Is anything the matter, Mr. Mayeda?" I asked.

"It is so sad. My other little boy, he has gone to hell too. And I am so poor, and I have to keep my wife's uncles, and my father is very silly, and so I get drunk every night."

The books he had brought were exquisite. The printing was really very correct, and the effect of the long hexameter lines in the handsome small pica type on the oblong Japanese double leaf of silky ivory-tinted paper, every page flowered with maple leaves in delicate pearl gray under the type, was lovely as it was unique, and the block printings on every single leaf were done by hand—the leaf being laid over the block and rubbed into it by a queer pad burnisher. The covers were marvels of beauty, made of steel gray paper crepe, ornamented, the back one with three little sere and curled up maple leaves drifting before the wind, and the front one with a spray of maple leaves in all their autumn glory and variety tints, reproduced to the life. Across the right hand end of the spray was pasted a long white silk label in the Japanese style. The good taste and elegance, the colors of this cover, fairly amazed me. I would not leave a copy in Japan. I sent them all off to England to be kept unopened till I arranged for their publication in America where they will be brought out shortly.

When the account came in there was some slight variation in every item. Knowing Mr. Nagao to be too honorable a man for this, I asked Mr. Mayeda about it, and the account was rectified.

After the first two or three interviews I always avoided seeing Mr. Nagao in person. I hadn't time for all the bowings and compliments, and tea oranges which are necessary to the etiquette of business. One day, while I was waiting for my account, I watched one of the treasurers writing it out in Japanese, and with some difficulty, from his modesty, persuaded him to come to finish it in the sun, where I could photograph him. He was writing as the Japanese always writes his letters. Sitting like a tailor behind a long low table about a foot high, he holds a roll of their soft tissue letter paper balanced in his left hand, with the edge turned toward the right. He begins on the right hand side, writing down the page perpendicularly with the fine brush that constitutes his pen, dipped from time to time into the Chinese ink which he has rubbed on his palette inkstand. He jots down his words with great rapidity, and unrolls more paper as he wants it. When he has finished he swiftly tears off whatever he has filled, folds it lengthwise till it is about two inches across (Japanese writing paper is always the same width—about six inches) and thrusts it into a long narrow envelope of about these dimensions. You buy the paper in rolls of about 100 feet long for 15 or 20 cents, and a letter is usually about a yard long.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE.

A Vision of a World Without Bacteria. The Part They Play in Nature.

This was the discovery of Theodore Schwann, also celebrated for his cell theory. He showed fifty years ago that what we call "putrefaction" is not the result of death but of life. The eminent Professor Ray Lankester says that the unpleasant smell and the disintegration of dead bodies, whether of plants or animals, is entirely due to the bacteria—it is the accompaniment of their digestion. If you destroy all the bacteria present by means of boiling heat, and then prevent the access of new bacteria (which are blown about in the dust of the air), dead bodies never putrefy. Supposing that by the fiat of an omnipotent being all bacteria could be annihilated, the earth's surface would soon be covered with dead bodies, remaining unchanged year after year, century after century.

The seas and lakes would be choked with them, and we should have to use them for paving our roadways and building our houses. But, worse than that, all the carbon and nitrogen which we living beings use in turn in our successive occupation of the earth's surface from generation to generation would soon be tied up. There would be no food for the green plants; herbivorous creatures would cease to exist. The contemplation of these imaginable horrors gives us some notion of the part played by bacteria in the order of nature.

A Possible Cause of Indigestion.

It is a mistake to eat quickly, says Medical Classics. Mastication performed in haste must be imperfect even with the best of teeth, and due admixture of the salivary secretion with the food cannot take place. When a crude mass of inadequately crushed muscular fiber, or undivided solid material of any description, is thrown into the stomach, it acts as a mechanical irritant, and sets up a condition in the mucous membrane lining that organ which greatly impedes, if it does not altogether prevent, the process of digestion.

When the practice of eating quickly and filling the stomach with unprepared food is habitual the digestive organ is rendered incapable of performing its proper functions. Either a much larger quantity of food than would be necessary under natural conditions is required, or the system suffers from lack of nourishment. The matter may seem a small one, but it is not so. Just as a man may go on for years with defective teeth, imperfectly masticating his food and wondering why he suffers from indigestion, so a man may habitually live under an infliction of hurried dinners, and endure the consequent loss of health, without knowing why he is not well or how easily the cause of his illness might be remedied.

The Night Air.

"An extraordinary fallacy" is what a writer in a sanitary journal pronounces the dread of night air. "What air can we breathe at night but night air? The choice is between pure night air from without and foul air from within. Most people prefer the latter—an unaccountable choice. What will they say if it is proved to be true that fully one-half of all the diseases we suffer from are occasioned by people sleeping with windows shut? An open window, most nights in the year, can never hurt any one. In great cities night air is often the best and purest to be had in twenty-four hours.

"I could better understand shutting the windows in town during the day than during the night for the sake of the sick. The absence of smoke, the quiet—all tend to make night the best time for airing the patients. One of our highest medical authorities on consumption and climate has told me that the air of London is never so good as after 10 o'clock at night. Always air your room, then, from the outside air if possible. Windows are made to open, doors are made to shut—a truth which seems extremely difficult of apprehension. Every room must be aired from without, every room from within."

A Good Remedy When Chilled.

A good thing to be kept at hand by those who take cold easily is a piece of common cotton wadding. In traveling it is no weight, not troublesome, and is always ready to put over chest or back on the slightest symptom of cold, or as a preventive of chill in any sudden change of weather. For stiff neck, sore throat, pains in the chest (all common traveling companions) there is no better comfort or remedy than to rub some oil or vaseline into the skin, and then to put on the wool with the shiny side outward, and keep it there until the ailment is gone. This is far better for travelers than mustard leaves or plasters, which leave the skin weak and the patient quite unfit to encounter draughts.

DAINTY MEMPHIS MAIDS.

THE BRIGHT AND HANDSOME GIRLS OF TENNESSEE'S METROPOLIS.

They Have Charms of Mind as Well as Those of Face and Form, and Are Unquestionably Typical Beauties of the Sunny South.

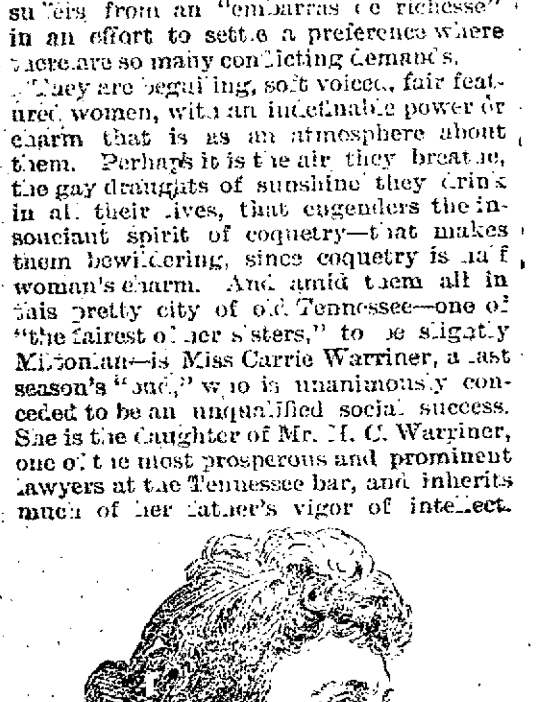
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MISS CARRIE WARRINER.

"Pretty maids all in a row," and in every other dainty attitude, forsooth, blossom in Memphis with such prodigality that one suffers from an "embarras de richesse" in an effort to settle a preference where there are so many conflicting demands.

They are beguiling, soft voiced, fair featured women, with an indefinable power of charm that is as an atmosphere about them. Perhaps it is the air they breathe, the gay draughts of sunshine they drink in all their lives, that engenders the insouciant spirit of coquetry—that makes them bewildering, since coquetry is half woman's charm. And amid them all in this pretty city of old Tennessee—one of "the fairest of her sisters," to be slightly Miltonian—is Miss Carrie Warriner, a last season's "bud," who is unanimously conceded to be an unqualified social success. She is the daughter of Mr. H. C. Warriner, one of the most prosperous and prominent lawyers at the Tennessee bar, and inherits much of her father's vigor of intellect.



MISS EMMA GALLOWAY.

There is a suggestion of Sappho in the classic contour of Miss Warriner's face, the regular chiseling of her features and the picturesque "crop" of dark curls that cluster about her broad, smooth brow. Her manners are characterized by a certain dash and piquancy born of youth's exuberance and buoyancy of heart.

Miss Emma Galloway is the daughter of Mrs. C. B. Galloway—a woman of wealth and social prestige. Miss Galloway combines with her regal appearance a half infantile wistfulness of expression—a pleading softness in her glorious dark eyes which is wondrously attractive. Her every feature is artistically correct, her color glowing, and the molding of her neck and arms a sculptor's model. Her fairness has a widespread reputation, both in the new world and the old. She has talent, too—

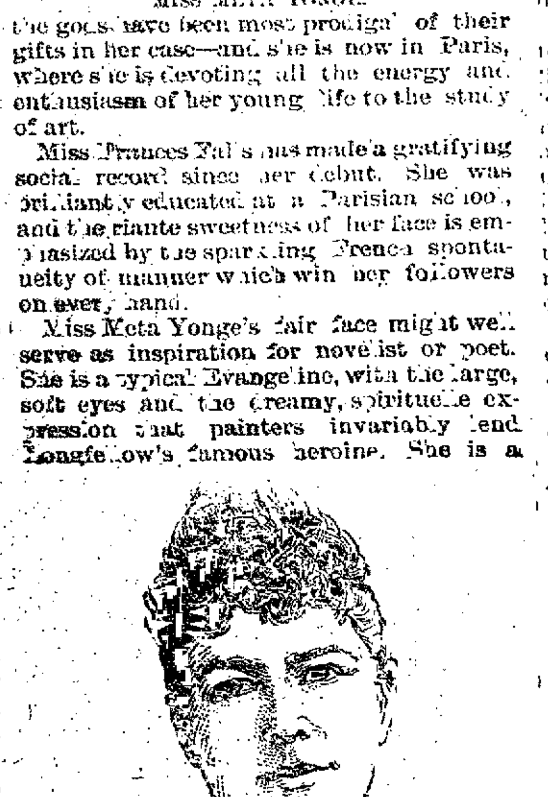


MISS META YONGE.

the gods have been most prodigal of their gifts in her case—and she is now in Paris, where she is devoting all the energy and enthusiasm of her young life to the study of art.

Miss Frances Falls has made a gratifying social record since her debut. She was brilliantly educated at a Parisian school, and the riante sweetness of her face is emphasized by the sparkling French spontaneity of manner which win her followers on every hand.

Miss Meta Yonge's fair face might well serve as inspiration for novelist or poet. She is a typical Evangeline, with the large, soft eyes and the creamy, spirituelle expression that painters invariably lend Longfellow's famous heroine. She is a



MISS LIDA LIVERMORE.

slender, willowy slip of a girl, with the tender voice and the gracious ways that belong traditionally to daughters of a sunny land. Miss Yonge is only recently emancipated from "bondage tutelary," having been finely educated at St. Mary's Episcopal school at Memphis and Miss Cary's school in Baltimore. She has entertained very lavishly and elegantly since her coming out.

Miss Bella Page has a "verve" and a dash and a brilliancy of coloring that make her a prominent figure in any assemblage. Her complexion is ideally "roses and cream," and her wealth of hair when piled high is a veritable coronet of gold. Miss Page is a near relative of the distinguished Virginia author, Thomas Nelson Page, and is very versatile and clever herself and a decided belle.

Miss Maylise Proudfit is a debutante beauty with a bewilderingly attractive social career before her. She is a blonde of the daintiest type and the most bewitching ways.

Miss Lida Livermore, daughter of the late Mr. A. S. Livermore, has the poise and the pose of a young duchess. Her little head, crowned by wavy brown hair, is set regally on her shoulders. There is a pretty glow always on her soft cheeks, and a merry light in her eyes which make her infinitely pleasing. She is a bright and spirited conversationalist.

Miss Annie Bruce is another exceptionally handsome woman, who has spread her conquests far. She has enjoyed an undisputed belleship here since she first made her courtesy to society.

There is a half oriental suggestion in the piquant beauty of Miss Willie Wilkerson, the charming young daughter of Dr. W. N. Wilkerson, and one of the most noted

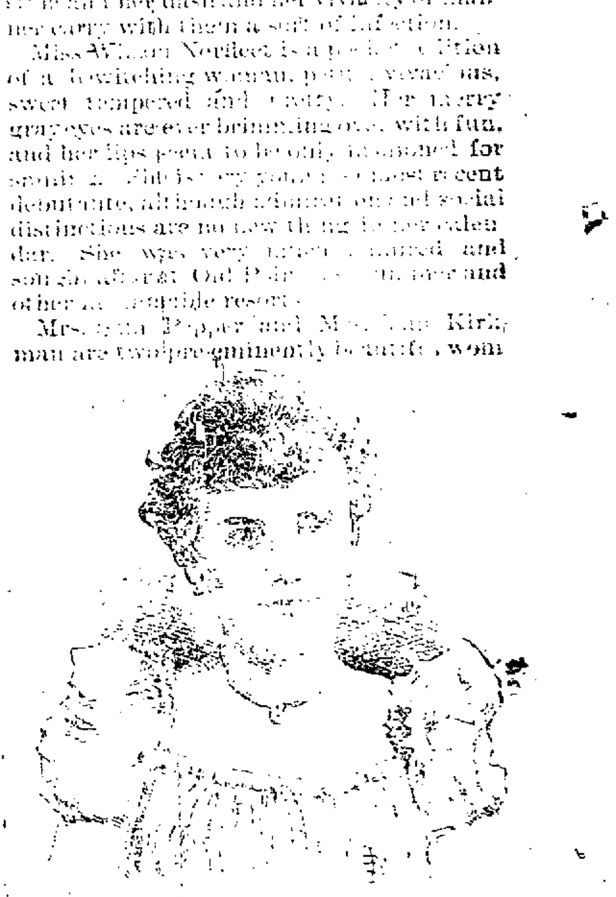


MISS WILLIE WILKERSON.

belles of the state. She is a brunette, chic, coquettish, delightful, who smiles and walks and dances and talks with a grace and a vigor that is a reproach to the blase. Her [illegible] figure is always [illegible] in the [illegible] gowns—she [illegible] in the matter of dress—and her style and her dash and her vivacity of manner carry with them a sort of infection.

Miss William Norfleet is a [illegible] of a bewitching woman, [illegible], sweet tempered and [illegible]. Her merry gray eyes are ever brimming over with fun, and her lips seem to be only [illegible] for smiles. [illegible] recent debutante, although [illegible] social distinctions are no new thing [illegible] calendar. She was very [illegible] and sought after at Old Point [illegible] and other [illegible] resorts.

Mrs. [illegible] Pepper and Miss [illegible] Kirkman are two pre-eminently beautiful women



MISS WILSON NORFLEET.

who grace Memphis society, the former being a scion of the illustrious Polk family.

Miss Ellie Heiskell, a daughter of Judge C. W. Heiskell, of Memphis, is a stately and accomplished blonde of noble [illegible] and most engaging manners. [illegible] has been very much admired in [illegible] society, where she has frequently visited her relatives, the Lamars, and other distinguished people.

Mental and physical beauty are richly combined in the case of Miss Ella Humphreys, of Memphis. She is a "winsome wee thing" with superb brown eyes that can look a man's heart out of him, a trim little figure and bright and winning manners. She is a brilliant conversationalist, is a graduate of Vassar and is altogether one of the most cultivated young women of the state.

Miss Kate Campbell, the youngest daughter of Gen. A. W. Campbell, one of the finest orators of the south, is irresistible. The fates have been more than kind to her, and a list of her conquests would make a book too heavy for Cupid to carry. Miss Campbell is a petite brunette, with dashing, vivacious manners and a heart which beats atune with joy and sweetness as naturally as her feet trip through the most intricate figures when leading a ribbon cotillon.

Such, then, is a fair showing of the proudest possessions of Memphis, her lovely daughters, who have made for themselves in the social and intellectual arena a record that any bevy of women would not disdain to boast.

DAISY FITZHUGH.

Fixed His Press with Burglars' Tools.

Once in a while some legitimate use can be made of lawless appliances. Witness the case of The Buena Vista (Ga.) Patriot, whose editor publishes the following acknowledgment in his columns: "A minor part of our press came broken, and as the blacksmith here had no drill, through the kindness of Marshal Jackson we borrowed the tools captured from the burglars. It required only about fifteen minutes to drill through a cast iron bar one and a quarter inches thick."

Statues Made of Ice.

The people of St. Petersburg seem to get a good deal of fun out of the long, cold winters. At recent aristocratic balls ice statues of celebrities have been the fashionable decorations. Famous sculptors did not disdain to try their skill in this line, and the figures were most effective when placed among shrubs and plants and lighted up by many colored lamps.

A Wide Range of Temperature.

The British soldiers' life at Indian frontier stations cannot be altogether happy. One noon recently the thermometer registered 9[illegible] degs. at the Gnatong fort in Sikkim. That night it fell to 17 degs. above zero.

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CASTILIAN BELLES.

Interesting Phases of the Servant Girl Problem.

Maids and Their Lovers and Dynamical Books.

The "Ama" of Alfonso XII and Her Unlaurelled Sway.

MADRID, February 28.—Perhaps your lady friends would like to know what Spanish domestics are like, since the problem of the day is how to get good servants. Housewives all over the world are deeply concerned over the question and especially in the United States, where a good servant is daily getting to be more rare.

Spanish domestics are in many ways unlike those of other countries. They are sometimes downright bad, as anywhere else; but there is a fair, average class, who, if not exactly saints, are at least free from the new-fangled notions of equality, division of labor and similar ideas, which have not yet had time to enter their heads. These know that they are servants and are content with their condition in life; yet there is a quiet dignity and pride about them which superinduces a feeling of kindness and makes you treat them well. They are easily managed by gentleness and just enough firmness to show, without driving them too hard, that you intend to be obeyed. They are, however, apt to take the bit between their teeth, and get to be presumptuous, self-some, argumentative, say-I-do-not, if any degree of familiarity is allowed. They are not over-truthful, generally; yet, if you come across a fair sample of a domestic, as you often may, it is best not to show any mistrust. You can leave your purse and jewel case open without fear of loss; not only will they respect your property but frequently they will defend it and defend the trusting mistress with a dog-like fidelity that is really touching. At other times their devotion to the household interests is carried too far, even to the verge of officiousness, especially in their dealings with shop keepers. Then again your Spanish servant, when she has been long in a house, thinks and speaks of you and your worldly goods, and in every way acts as if she had a vested right in the same. It is "our children," "our furniture," "our cuts," "our house," and "we are going to travel," and "we intend doing this and that," etc.

A lady in want of a servant seldom applies to a registry office; she tries to get one through her friends or the tradespeople that provide for the household. When found, the lady before engaging her goes in person to the family where she was last engaged, and makes inquiries as to her honesty and reasons why she left her last situation.

A servant in Spain is paid by the month; she can be sent away, or herself give warning to the family at a moment's notice. The law, it is true, requires that fifteen days' notice should be given on either side, but the practice is never enforced, as Spanish temper is too quick to allow of people living under the same roof to abide together when they have once disagreed.

I wonder what an English or an American housemaid would say if she were told that, besides doing all the housework, she was expected to attend to the washing, the ironing, even that of the master's shirts, the mending, and, to answer the door, all this a Spanish *doncella* has to look after for 36 a month, which is accounted good wages. She rises at dawn, and after serving up the early tea or chocolate, ties a large handkerchief round her carefully combed hair and sets about the housework. She bustles about for hours, until everything looks neat and tidy. She takes great pride in making the beds, every mattresses is turned, and not a crease must be seen in the counterpane.

By 12 o'clock she is ready to wait at table; she has been on her feet since sunrise, and only sits down at 1 p. m. to partake of her well earned lunch. During the whole afternoon she either irons or sews and when night comes, it is no wonder if she has little heart for a book, or if she falls asleep on her chair, waiting until the mistress comes home from the ball or the theatre. Then she is sent to her bed.

The Spanish *doncella* does her work well; but you must not expect to find in her the trim *femme de chambre* you have in France, with neat, white cap and ribbons. It is as much as you can do to get your Spanish housemaid to wear a white apron, and do her hair up elaborately; other details of toilet she keeps for her Sunday "out." Nothing, however, can look neater than these young girls when they go in groups of two or three for their walk. They never wear bonnets or grandly trimmed dresses, yet they are a thousand times prettier in their plain black jackets, dark gowns and lace mantillas. They always put on gloves. Often on Sunday their *novios* or sweethearts, accompany them; if the girl is good and has a kind mistress, she will make no secret of her having a beau; but he never comes near the house on week days.

In Spain it is against the rules to send a female servant out after dark or allow her to go to the theater unless a member of her family comes to fetch her. Every Sunday and on feast days the maid must be sent to mass to the nearest church and she will go to confession once or twice a year. It is the duty of a mistress throughout Spain to allow her servants to follow their religion and they will respect her all the more for doing so.

The Spanish cook or *cocinera* is quite the reverse of the *doncella* for she is the laziest creature in creation. She does her cooking, goes to market every morning and cleans the kitchen once a week, on Saturdays. In some houses she has to do the washing, but this is only the case in a small family. A cook in Spain earns from $3 to $10 a month, according to her expertness. As I have said she does all the marketing; every morning she waits on her mistress for money and orders, and every evening—as few know how to write—the mistress jots down her expenditure. The cook is a queen in her kitchen and the rest of the domestic servants look up to her for their victuals as it depends on the respect shown her whether the meals are good or bad. When the servants dine she deals out their portion and never thinks of sitting down until they are all served.

Spanish servants have simple tastes, but they must be well fed. In the morning they each have an ounce of chocolate prepared in milk and a roll of bread. At lunch they expect a dish of greens—beans, potatoes, or other vegetables—cooked after the national fashion, and a dish of meats. The dinner consists of a plate of soup, the abundant and nourishing *puchero*, and whatever is left from the table, with either fruit or salad. They rarely drink wine, but must be allowed as much bread as they can eat.

Of Spanish female servants there is one that rules the roost. She is the tyrant of the household, and the dread of masters and menials alike. This is the *ama* or wet nurse. Servants will oftentimes throw up a good position as soon as a baby is born, in order not to have to put up with the *ama*. She makes her sway felt from top to bottom of any home. Nor must her temper be ruffled, as baby might suffer in consequence. Her appetite is ferocious; it is never satiated. She is totally unfit for all work beyond that of carrying her charge. She has a fondness for finery so developed, that she either sulks or threatens to leave if she is refused a dress or earrings finer than those worn by the *ama* next door. As poor, little, Spanish babies are not strong, their very lives depend on the proper nursing of these healthy, brutal woman; so that a young mother will put up with anything rather than run the risk of losing her *ama*.

These creatures come from the Basque provinces or the mountainous districts of Santander. They leave their own children at home and come up to the capital or larger cities in order to make money. Their pay is small; it never exceeds $8 a month; but they get numerous presents, and are handsomely clothed in their own highly becoming national costume. Most of them carry the baby in their arms; some, however, among the montanesas, have a lovely little wooden cradle strapped to their backs, wherein the mite of a beauty rests as warmly and cosily as possible.

It is curious to see how soon these women adapt themselves to their surroundings. The *ama* of Alfonso XIII is a case in point. She stands beside the throne or sits by her nursling in the royal carriage as one "to the manor born," or as if she were the queen herself. To any one who watches her as she rolls by, it seems as if she were quite unconscious of the splendid costumes and glittering jewels she wears, or as if she had never before worn anything else. She gives his baby majesty a vigorous shake if he refuses to obey his royal mother, thus establishing in the eyes of all her undisputed authority. Had Alfonso XIII never been born and she consequently chosen for a wet nurse, who would suppose that this grand *ama* might still be a poor peasant working with bare feet in the fields of her native province? Perhaps she has by this time grown ashamed of her rough rustic of a husband and her little nut brown laddo, who was left behind to feed on potatoes and bacon, while his lucky mother tended the frail royal babe in its lace robes, a prince's godchild forsooth!

A Spanish man servant is, indeed, a curious type. In grand, aristocratic houses the footmen and flunkeys are the same all over the world; but the major domo, or butler, is a person to be feared and respected in his black cloth and silver chain. He is very honest if you trust him, and he does his work splendidly. He burnishes the silver plate until it shines like the sun at noon time, and he brushes his master's clothes until all the nap is taken off. But it is in minor questions of style or tact that a Spanish man servant of this class is deficient. He can never be made to stand up straight on his legs; his invariable rule is to assume a lounging gait, to lean upon a table or against a wall, while he condescends to receive your orders. He is, however, so good natured, and grins so heartily at any remark overheard as he waits at table, that you cannot find it in your heart to get angry with him. He will at times volunteer a reply to a question put by you to a guest; and if no guests are present he has been known to join in the family conversation. He is exceedingly fond of gorgeous neckties and pen holders; and if you go the length to bestow a "frac" or dress coat upon him, he looks so awkward and ungainly when he puts it on that you are fain to regret the generous impulse which prompted you to such munificence. You ought to see him once more in his old clothes. This is a sort of man servant everybody has in Spain; the poor fellow is badly paid, for he never earns more than 80 or 40 pesetas a month.

So many Spanish families are in one way or another connected with the army, that they frequently secure the services of a soldier. Young men who enter the ranks as conscripts every year are eager to secure the berth of *asistente* to an officer's family. They at once become the Jacks-of-all-trades or factotum in a house. Indeed, it is wonderful to see with what cheerful alacrity these lads undertake the most extraordinary duties for a man. Not only will they do anything expected from an ordinary servant, but you may see them take the children to school and carry their books and slates for them without relinquishing their military garb. They may even be seen with the officer's provision basket and his boys in their hands. It is even more amusing to see him as one of a party of nurses and small children who are widely fond of their soldier-nurse. A Spanish family regretfully parts with their *asistente* when, at the end of two years and six months he receives his discharge in a small case, the common soldier's "baton," which takes him back to his native village.

DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S BOOK.

The Civil Service Commissioner Has Just Published a History of New York.

Special Correspondence.

NEW YORK, March 2.—The mental activity of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt surprises even those in the large friends who know well his enthusiastic disposition and the variety of occupations which make demands upon his time. Mr. Roosevelt's name is familiar to the American public as one of the board of civil service commissioners.

In New York state he is perhaps better known as the most audacious and successful young legislator who ever served in the assembly at Albany, while in New York city his remarkable canvass for mayor, in which Henry George and Abram S. Hewitt were opposing candidates, made him perhaps more conspicuous politically than any of the other things he has done which have brought him repute. But outside of the political circle with which he has been identified Mr. Roosevelt has done other things of merit. As an enthusiastic sportsman and professional farmer he is cultivated by gentlemen of such tastes, and his great ranch in the northwest is frequently visited by men who are sportsmen, and yet of intellectual gifts and cultivated lives.

Outside of this circle Mr. Roosevelt has won another reputation, which is perhaps the one most agreeable to him. He has acquired fame as a writer of books, and his latest work has just been issued. All of these pursuits are engrossing, and as Mr. Roosevelt does everything he attempts thoroughly and well, it is easy to see that in a short career he has taken upon himself a vast amount of work, for he is still a very young man. Only ten years ago, when just out of college, Roosevelt determined upon a political career. He was of one of New York's most favored families. He possessed by inheritance the right of admission to what is really the highest social circle in the metropolis, for his name is Roosevelt, and in truth his lineage far back to the Dutch settlers of New Amsterdam.

For such a person to plunge into politics at the beginning of a career was sufficiently astonishing to attract general attention to him. His success in the legislature was as brilliant as the flash of a meteor across that dull body. He carried through two very important measures, and it was a marvel to see this fair haired, rosy cheeked, blue eyed, and beardless boy fighting with the subtle and experienced men who were his colleagues in the state legislature. His successes gave him what the politicians call a "boom," and he seemed well started on a political path, at the end of which the highest honors might be attained. In the Chicago convention of 1884 he was the most picturesque person, and while, two years later, when still a mere youth, his party nominated him for mayor of New York, he had gained such prestige as no man except William H. Seward and Alexander Hamilton ever attained from the politicians of New York at that early age.

He was defeated for mayor, and seemed to have abandoned his political purposes with that defeat. He went to his ranch and plunged into literature, writing a series of charming letters, which were published in one of the magazines, descriptive of life in the northwest. The ink had scarcely dried from this work before his "Life of Thomas H. Benton" was issued. This book showed decided talent for historical study, and, though it caused some controversy, it has generally been accepted as a fair estimate of the life and services of "Old Bullion." He seemed hardly to have had breathing time when another work appeared, which was a history of the early settlements along the line of the Alleghanies. Some passages in this work were very severely criticised by James R. Gilmore, an author who, under the nom de plume of Edmund Kirke, had gained some reputation as a writer of fiction.

Roosevelt meanwhile had been tempted to take political office, and became a civil service commissioner, bringing to his work the same energy and enthusiasm that characterize all he does. It seems as though the perplexities and labors of that office should have occupied his time entirely; but now a new book has been published, showing that the fascinations of literature still tempt him. He has written the story of the growth of the city of New York, as one of the series of works descriptive of great cities now in the course of publication.

Perhaps no man is better qualified to write of New York city than Theodore Roosevelt, for he knows it well—both past and present. The story is told in a popular way, and the author makes no effort at anything like a philosophical study of the enormous growth of the metropolis. Many of the readers of the book will claim, doubtless, that Mr. Roosevelt made a mistake in dwelling so much on the earlier history of New York, which is so well known, and devoting so little space to the magical development of it which followed the opening of the Erie canal. That, today, seems to be the most fascinating story that could be told of New York, and it never has been written, excepting in a brief and fragmentary way. Mr. Roosevelt in his book devotes less than one-third of the space to the telling of this story.

It is understood that this young politician, statesman and literateur has in mind at some future day a work of great magnitude, involving the labor of years, which will treat of some historical subjects connected with the growth of this country, but if he shows the same industry in writing it that he has hitherto displayed it will not be very long before the work [illegible]

E. C. EDWARDS.

GAMBETTA'S YOUTH.

Personal Souvenirs of a School Comrade.

How the Sight of the Eye was Destroyed.

Interesting Incidents of His Early and Later Life.

MARSEILLES, February 23.—The death, a few weeks ago at Nice, of the father of Gambetta, prompts me to write the following letter, I who was one of the school fellows of the famous orator.

The Gambetta family originally belonged to the little Italian village of Celle-Liguria, which is situated some eight kilometres to the northeast of Savona, at the point where the tiny river Orange empties itself into the Gulf of Genoa. On the Ligurian coast everybody is more or less a sailor. The grandfather of the illustrious statesman, like all his compatriots, took part in the little coasting trade which was carried on along the shore. On a frail bark called a "tartanx" he used to bring to Cette, in southern France on the Mediterranean, the products of the Riviera, olive oil, conserves and, chiefly, the coarse pottery, known in the south of France under the name of "Terraille negre," which is made in the district lying between Nice and Genoa. From Cette he used to proceed to Toulouse through the Languedoc canal and, between that town and Bordeaux, deposited his wares at various points on the Garonne and its affluents. In 1818 Baptiste Gambetta reached Cahors, in central France, in this way with his small stock of goods. He found the old capital of Quercy so agreeable that he settled there with his wife, Benedetta Galiano, and their three sons, Paul, Michael and Joseph. He set up a business in earthenware and groceries on the market place, but returned occasionally to his native village, where he still had a small holding. His sons went backward and forward between Genoa and Cahors.

Joseph, the youngest son of Baptiste (born September 2d, 1814), who was to be the father of Leon Gambetta, served for a time as a cabin boy on board a sailing vessel built in one of the docks of the Riviera. In 1824 he made a voyage to Chili. The vessel in which he sailed included Garibaldi among its officers and carried a passenger named Abbe Mastai, who afterwards became Pope Pius IX. Leon Gambetta's grandfather ultimately returned to Italy with his eldest son, Paul. Michael and Joseph remained at Cahors and opened a shop in the Rue du Lycee in a house which adjoins the postoffice and now belongs to M. Delport, a member of the legislature of the department of the Lot.

The two brothers very soon separated. On July 25, 1837, Joseph Gambetta married Marie Magdaleine Orazie Massabie, the daughter of a druggist of Molieres, in the department of Tarn and Garonne, in Southern France. He then established himself on the Place de la Cathedrale, Cahors, in a shop with two large windows, which still has over it the signboard "Genoese Bazaar." It speedily became the fashionable grocery store of the little county town. Besides colonial produce, earthenware, crystal goods and the thousand articles produced by the local ceramic industry were sold there.

Leon Gambetta was born on April 2, 1838, on the second floor of the house which his parents occupied in the Rue du Lycee. The next day his birth was registered in the presence of M. Auguste Berton, the deputy mayor. On the certificate of his birth the signatures of two policemen, Pierre Valet and Martin Combelles, appear as witnesses. His father, when going to make the declaration at the town hall, neglected to procure two friends to act as witnesses and took the first persons he encountered in the vestibule of the town hall to fill that office.

The parents of Leon Gambetta afterwards had a daughter named Benedetta. She first married M. Tommeau, an engineer, who died in 1871, during the siege of Paris. Of this marriage a son was born who is now quartermaster in a regiment of "Chasseurs d'Afrique." Leon Gambetta's sister remarried in 1876 M. Alexandre Leris, her townsman, then inspector of taxes. M. Leris has since been collector of taxes at Rouen, and now holds a similar post in one of the arrondissements (wards) of Paris.

Leon Gambetta's childhood was uneventful. At the age of 8 years he almost died from peritonitis. This disease brought on an intestinal contraction, which, as the post-mortem examination showed, proved to be the real cause of his death. When 6 years old he was sent to the monastery school of the "Picpus Fathers" at Cahors, where he learned to read. This school is still known under the name of Petits Carmes. His teachers were Father Tuffer, one of the victims of the Paris commune, and Father Yaigre, who died while occupying the position of vicar-apostolic in an archipelago of Oceanica. On "breaking-up day" he several times sustained a role in the classic plays which were performed on such occasions, and more than once he has been seen in the processions robed in a white dalmatica, scattering flowers before the canopy.

At the age of nine, Leon Gambetta was sent to the seminary at Montfaucon, near the village of Labastide, where Joachim Murat, king of Naples, was born. Gambetta's father supplied the seminary with groceries, and came to an arrangement with Father Bonhomme, the superior of the establishment, whereby he obtained advantageous terms for his son's education. Leon Gambetta remained at this seminary for four years. There as later at the Lycee or college, of Cahors, his precocious intelligence soon became a matter of remark; but it must be said that he showed very little inclination to submit to the requirements of rigorous discipline.

It was during this period that an accident happened which has occasioned innumerable legends. It has been related that the child voluntarily put out one of his own eyes with a penknife, when he was at the ecclesiastical seminary, in order to compel his parents to withdraw him from the charge of the priests. The accident really happened in the following manner. Leon always spent his holidays at home at Cahors. Next door to his father's shop a cutler named Gattie had established himself, and the child was constantly in the cutler's workshop. One day as a workman was boring a hole in the handle of a knife with a steel drill, put in motion by means of a sort of a bow, the steel rod broke and struck the child in the right eye. Henceforth Leon Gambetta was blind of an eye. We all remember his protuberant eye at college covered with a whitish pellicle which gave him the appearance of a Cyclops. His school fellows used to call him Cyclops on account of it. His eye remained in this way till 1867. It was then feared that the diseased condition of the right eye would lead to the loss of the left eye also. At that time Leon Gambetta was a student and, on the advice of his fellow student and friend Dr. Funza, he consulted an eminent oculist—Dr. Wecker—who took out the diseased eye and substituted a glass one in its place. The loss of Gambetta's right eye was the result then, not, as the story goes, of a dramatic scene caused by his distaste for life in the priests' seminary but of a trivial accident.

It is nevertheless certain that Leon Gambetta was not at all pleased with the seminary, and he was delighted when his father decided to remove him to the Lycee of Cahors. On entering the Lycee in October, 1851, he was placed in the fourth class. He left in the month of August, 1850, with the degree of B. A. At the Lycee, as previously at the seminary, his facility in the assimilation of knowledge and his unfailing memory were speedily remarked. But he was more or less refractory to discipline and a quite equal amount of attention was bestowed on him on this account. At one time he was a day boarder, but in consequence of one of the schoolboy mutinies which occurred at the Lycee of Cahors in 1854, his parents were obliged to withdraw him from the dining hall, and it was only as a day scholar that he was permitted to attend the rhetoric or logic class—as the division now known as the philosophy class was then called. The Lycee "palms" and the "first honorable mention" which he obtained in 1856 at the general competitive examination of the five Lycees included in the academic district of Toulouse prove that he held one of the first places in his class. But he was not one of those pupils who carry off all the laurels on prize days. He worked only when the whim took him and only obtained the first place on those occasions when he was willing to apply himself to study. He was besides very boisterous in his manners and by no means made of soft wax which may be modeled after the likeness of the professor. He constantly displayed an independence of ideas which, too often, resulted in examinations in a classing quite unfavorable to him. But his school fellows recognized his inconteste able superiority and used to relate that Gambetta was the "very cleverest" of his class.

Crammed with Greek roots, and having learned from M. Kirsch, his professor, the method of making use of them, he found Greek a valuable acquisition. He could read Demosthenes' discourses and Thucydides' history in the original with as much ease as an advanced pupil of a Parisian lycee reads Quintus Curtius or the Eneid. Later on, when he was studying law, Gambetta took pleasure in attending the lectures of Professor Egger at the Sorbonne, or Paris university, and had more than one discussion with that learned Hellenist on the meaning of a disputed text.

But the real strength of our school fellow lay in French literature and history. Our professor of history was M. Anselme, who has since filled a chair in one of the Lycees of Paris. Under his tutorship Gambetta conceived a positive passion for historical studies. He made regular researches at the Municipal library, which was comparatively well supplied with books, and came to school loaded with documents, endeavoring to trip up the young professor and astonishing his class mates by his erudition on any given subject. Even while at college he began to speak on political economy. He had got his father to buy him Garnier's small treatise on the subject and, in our walks, he used to crush us with the aphorisms of science, of which few among us possessed even the most elementary notions.

M. Arnault, our professor of rhetoric, divined in him a future orator. One day the subject for an essay he gave his pupils was: "The speech of Etienne Marcel to the states general in 1356." Gambetta, fortified by his historical knowledge, made the mayor of Paris speak in terms which excited the professor's admiration. M. Arnault not only read Gambetta's discourse *in extenso* to the assembled class, but handed it round among his colleagues, and the pupil's essay was read everywhere in the Lycee.

Gambetta was very popular with his classmates, over whom he possessed extraordinary authority. He it was who presided over our games, who directed our excursions on half holidays, and who gave *ton* to our discussions, conversing *de omni re scribili* with inexhaustible spirit. He was, moreover, acquainted with everything that was going on. Whenever there was an important case being tried at the courthouse he was certain to be found there. Whenever the local journals contained any important news, he commented on the facts with a vibrating voice. His father being a subscriber to the Paris newspaper *Le Siecle*, Leon often repeated to us a solemn article by Leonor Havin, a criticism of the newest Parisian play by Louis Courdan, a chronicle by Edmond Texier or by Taxile Delord. His original sketches and unexpected commentaries astonished us and contributed to give him a real supremacy over his schoolfellows.

It has been already said that Gambetta passed his B. A examination with honors before the faculty at Toulouse. Had his father's first intentions been carried out, he would now have taken a place behind the shop counter and been initiated without delay into the mystery of selling colonial produce. But everybody conspired to thwart his father's plans. His mother, who always had faith in her son's star, insisted that so hopeful a youth should not be condemned to pass his life in a grocer's back shop. The mayor of Cahors, M. Achille Bessiers, who owned the house in which Gambetta's shop was located, supported the mother's wishes with all his authority, and the father consented to permit his son to proceed to the metropolis. But he cut down the allowance of the young student to the lowest possible figure. All he gave him was just the sum required to pay his board and lodging and the fees of the university. However, every one else in the family did their best to ameliorate his pecuniary situation. In addition to sending him supplies of provisions without concealment, his mother, sister and aunt more than once appropriated a louis from the shop corner wherewith to augment Leon's little stock of money.

Everyone is acquainted with the incidents of Gambetta's life whilst he was a student at the law school. He boarded at the Hotel du Var, in the Rue de Tournon, which was the recognized caravansary for students from the south of France. Very soon he acquired great notoriety in the Latin quarter. On the very first day, Valette, the dean of the law school, noticed the characteristic visage and voice of the noisy southerner who managed to be assiduous at the law lectures, to attend lectures at the Sorbonne, to be present at the court house whenever an interesting case was being tried, and to deliver harangues in all the *brasseries* and *cafes* of the neighborhood. It must be admitted that it was in these last named places that Gambetta acquired the popularity which made him one of the most widely known students in Paris. In defiance of the imperial police he used violent language frequently and proclaimed his irreconcilable opposition to the established government. In the cafes of the Latin quarter he discussed the topic of the day regularly whatever the topic might be. If one time it would be the murder of Archbishop Sibour; the next, the official funeral which the empire accorded to the remains of Beranger. The "Demi-Monde" by Alexander Dumas fils were played; Flaubert published his book "Madame Bovary." Gambetta saw, read and heard everything, and, moreover, spoke out his opinions on everything. In 1858, he was present at Orsini's trial, and was among the crowd which assembled on the Place de la Roquette to witness the execution of the would be assassin of Napoleon III. Then came the Italian war, and we saw him applaud the victors of Magenta and Solferino when they marched home through the streets of Paris.

But already, as Daudet says, Gambetta had commenced "the siege of the Tuileries." He was the leader of the opposition which was developing among the students of Paris. However, he never for an instant interrupted his studies of Mourlon and of the institutes. In 1861, he presented a thesis on mortgages and received his L. L. B. diploma. Every year he returned to Cahors during his vacations to renew his strength in the bosom of his family and to refresh himself with the rich wine which the hills of Quercy then yielded. He spoke the dialect of the district, and astounded his townsmen with his inexhaustible loquacity. He brought back from Paris a collection of original anecdotes, and dazzled the frequenters of the Cafe Rivoli and of the Union club by his stories and his observations on men and things. Gambetta senior revelled in his son's triumphs and wheeled about on witnessing the signs of his son's rising renown.

PAUL ARMAND,
Secretary of the Marseilles Geographical Society.

The GAZETTE moved into its new office this week.

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W. STEELE,
Manager of the GAZETTE

Congressional junketing trips have already gained too much notoriety, but if the carousing which is reported really took place on Senator Pearst's funeral car in early days surpassed itself

Chicago has great difficulty in getting a candidate for the mayoralty Ex-Senator Farwell Judge Gresham and other distinguished citizens do not want the position and Carter Harrison does It is hard to tell which is the greater misfortune

The election of Senator Peffer as successor of Senator Ingalls reminds one of the remark that Senator Ingalls once made to Senator Dawes Senator Ingalls made some allusion to the Massachusetts senator and Senator Dawes asked him if he meant him He said, "No, I am alone of the successors of Charles Sumner and not to the successor of Daniel Webster"

The New York Sun prints an extract from the Globe Democrat defending David S Stanley from a false accusation of drunkenness In this connection a dispatch of Charles A Dana at the time of the Chattanooga campaign regarding General Stanley is particularly interesting We hope the publication of this item is in the nature of an apology for the brutal dispatch which Dana sent about General Stanley

Two thousand two hundred and twelve immigrants arrived in New York yesterday, the largest number for any single day this season According to the most recent investigations of our state department the character of these immigrants and their value as additions to our population are greater than is generally supposed But at the same time while thousands of our own workmen are idle, and others are hoping for a mere pittance, it is hard to believe that these hundreds can be of great benefit The strength of a country can never lie in mere numbers

It is very remarkable that the center of population has been a most in a straight line running west It has been nearer latitude 39° than 38° or 40° every time the census has been taken In 1790, '8 0 and '82) it was just above the thirty ninth parallel In 1830 it was just below it, while in 1840, 1850, and 1830 it may be said to have been on the thirty ninth parallel In 1870 it went above the parallel again, and in 1880 it came down almost to it In 1840 it went up again, though in all these cases it has been nearer the thirty ninth parallel than any other It has moved westward with the same regularity A glance at a map shows that its movement has been at the average rate of about one degree of longitude for each ten years It started in 1790 in longitude 75° In 890 the longitude was about 85° 30' It will be seen that the balance between the population north and south of the imaginary Mason and Dixon's line has kept about equal from the foundation of the government

There is a washwoman in Hartford, Conn who is in a peculiar trouble. Among her customers is a young man who is a baker's apprentice The master baker who does business in a very small way supplies, among other customers, the governor's secretary There is a dispute however about the governorship, and so when the secretary made a request on the comptroller's clerk for his salary he said he must consult the comptroller and the comptroller said he must consult his lawyer, and the lawyer said he must look up the authorities, and all that takes time It is to be hoped however that somewhere in the books a precedent will be found bearing on the case, and that the lawyer may tell the comptroller to tell his clerk to tell the treasurer to issue a warrant to the secretary, so that he can pay his baker, who can pay his apprentice, who can pay his washwoman, so that her little daughter Alice can buy a pair of new shoes to go to Sunday school

The first copy of the Colorado Sun was published on Sunday. It starts out with the right idea of publishing a newspaper which shall not be sensational, but will endeavor to give accurately and fully the history of a day It also says that while republican in politics it will not champion any faction. It is to be hoped that such a policy will be strictly adhered to. It would be a misfortune to the republican party of Colorado to have a faction, because the party is being gradually united on lines that will completely do away with the factions, strife which has been going on for the last ten years All those old sores have not been healed, for they were of too long standing But they are healing, and the party will present a more united front next year than ever before The Sun starts out with a well equipped office, and gives promise, not of taking the place of some other Denver paper, but of establishing a position for itself There is a ways room for a good paper

In Denver the ordinances say that saloons must not be placed within five hundred feet of any church. The Albany hotel is less than five hundred feet from the First Baptist church, There is a bar in the hotel One of the owners says that if this bar is closed the hotel might as well be closed too There is another settlement of the question which seems to have escaped all of those who have discussed it Why not move the church? It has no right to stand in the way of commercial enterprise It would be a good idea to amend the law and then it will relieve the owners of barrooms from much inconvenience. In lieu of the law reading that no barroom shall be placed within five hundred feet of a church or school house, why not say that no church or school house shall be placed within five hundred feet of a barroom And further, that when the church or school house is built in compliance with this law and a barroom comes within the five hundred feet limit, then the church and school house should move Really something is due to the many influential citizens in Denver who are interested in the barroom business If we consider what they do to make business lively, and the taxes and licenses they pay, it will probably be found that the owners of saloons in Denver are of far greater importance than all the ministers and deacons put together

Bismarck can hardly hope to gain in reputation either as a statesman or a patriot by descending into the scrambles of party politics His candidacy will undoubtedly be successful for his services to Germany have been so great that he can make sure of having anything he may ask for Yet the gratitude which would give him even unanimous endorsement for legislative honors does not necessarily imply approval of his course as a statesman As a member of the German congress, he may show his influence by embarrassing the policy of the young emperor, but the organization of the German government will suffice to prevent him from carrying out an independent policy of his own The ding must, in a kingdom, always be superior to his minister, or revolution ensues and in Germany to day there is neither need nor opportunity for revolution. Bismarck as an objector and a critic can only detract from the reputation of that Bismarck who was master foreman when the German nation was built

Major George E Rancolph who commanded the artillery of the Third corps at Gettysburg recently wrote an article on the subject which was read before the Loyal Legion and republished in the Cincinnati Commercial Colonel Rancolph as artillery officers in the volunteer service was one of the most eminent in the Army of the Potomac We hope sometime he will write a second article in which he will give some idea of the artillery organization which General Hunt attempted to effect, and the value of the artillery when properly organized. Undoubtedly General Lee had the best organization of the artillery and made the best use of it General Hunt attempted to introduce the same organization into the Army of the Potomac but only partially succeeded. But this partial success won for us the battle of Gettysburg In the western army the use of the artillery seemed to have been very little understood and the organization was very much more imperfect. General Grant when he took command of the Army of the Potomac undid a great deal that General Hunt had done in not properly appreciating the value of this arm of the service But he finally learned it at Cold Harbor when he lost very nearly ten thousand men in an hour in making an attack on Lee's position It was Lee's artillery that made the havoc Grant learned this at a terrible sacrifice of life, and modified his orders later

Henry N. Copp, the Washington (D. C.) and lawyer, has revised and reprinted his Settler's Guide, the seventeenth edition In view of the recent confusing legislation of congress, this book is an indispensable assistant for a whole class, or expect to be, interested in public and Settlers who expect to take up land any time in the future should get posted and save expensive mistakes A chapter, illustrated with numerous cuts, shows how to locate township, section, and quarter section corners and explains the system of surveys. It gives full information about the homestead, pre emption, timber culture, desert land, and other laws. It will tell you who is entitled to enter land, how continuous your residence must be; what improvements you must make; what affidavits you must swear to; about contests and on what grounds they can be commenced; also suggestions about state lands, stone and timber lands, mineral lands, desert entries, saline, railroad, coal, townsite and other lands.

AN INTERESTING CHAPTER OF HISTORY.

The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette has published a chapter of history that is of great interest. When President Johnson had his contest with Secretary Stanton he proposed to get rid of him in this way. General Sherman at this time was lieutenant general stationed at St. Louis. Johnson proposed to give him a command in the east with headquarters at the war department in Washington, and when the time was ripe have General Sherman supersede Stanton, as secretary ad interim. Sherman wrote a vigorous letter to the president protesting against the proposed change. This letter has always been regarded as confidential. A copy of it has been in the hands of a gentleman who was private secretary of President Johnson. He noticed Sherman before his death that he should sometime publish the letter. The first letter of General Sherman is as follows:

Confidential.

"LIBRARY ROOM, WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C., January 21, 1868.

To the President:

"Since our interview of yesterday I have given the subject of our conversation all my thoughts, and beg you will pardon me recurring to the result in writing.

"My personal preferences, as expressed, were to be allowed to return to St. Louis to resume my present command, because my command was important, large and suited to my rank and inclination, and because my family was well provided for there in house, facilities of schools, living and agreeable society; while, on the other hand, Washington was for many (to me) good reasons highly objectionable, especially because it is the political capital of the country, and the focus of intrigue, gossip and slander.

"Your personal preferences were, as expressed, to make a new department east adequate to my rank, with headquarters at Washington, and to assign me to its command; to remove my family here and to avail myself of its schools; to remove Mr. Stanton from his office as secretary of war, and have me discharge the duties. To effect this removal two modes were indicated—to simply cause him to quit the war office building, and not by the treasury department and the army staff departments no longer to respect him as secretary of war; or to remove him and submit my name to the senate for confirmation.

"Permit me to discuss these points a little, and I will promise by saying that I have spoken to no one on the subject, and have not even seen Mr. Ewing, Mr. Stanbery or General Grant since I was with you

"It has been the rule and custom of our army since the organization of our government, that the second officer of the army should be at the second important command, and remote from general headquarters. To bring me to Washington would put three heads to our army—yourself, Gen. Grant and myself—and we would be more than human if we were not to differ. In my judgment, it would ruin the army, and would be fatal to one or two of us.

"Gens. Scott and Taylor proved themselves soldiers and patriots in the field, but Washington was fatal to them both.

"This state of things defeated every army that ever came here from 1861 to 1865, and would have overwhelmed Gen. Grant at Spottsylvania and Petersburg had he not been fortified by a strong reputation already hard earned, and because no one then living coveted the place; whereas in the west we made progress from the start, because there was no political capital near enough to poison our minds and kindle into hot taste craving, feeling for fame which has killed more good men than bullets.

"I have been with Gen. Grant in the midst of death and slaughter, when the howls of people reached him after Shiloh; when messengers were speeding to and from his army to Washington, bearing anders to induce his removal before he took Vicksburg; in Chattanooga when the soldiers were stealing the corn of the starving mules to satisfy their own hunger; at Nashville when he was ordered to the 'forlorn hope' to command the Army of the Potomac, so often defeated, and yet I never saw him more troubled than since he has been in Washington, and been compelled to read himself a 'sneak' and 'deceiver,' based on reports of four of the cabinet, and apparently with your knowledge. If this political atmosphere can disturb the equanimity of one so guarded and so prudent as he is, what will be the result with one so careless and so outspoken as I am?

"Therefore, with my consent, Washington never

"As to the secretary of war, his office is twofold. As a cabinet officer he should not be there without your hearty, cheerful consent, and I believe that is the judgment and opinion of every fair minded man. As the head of a civil office, having the supervision of moneys appropriated by congress, and of contracts for army supplies, I do think congress, or the senate by delegation from congress, has a lawful right to be consulted.

"At all events, I would not risk a suit of contest on that phase of the question The law of congress of March 2, 1867, prescribing the manner in which orders and instructions relating to 'military movements' shall reach the army, gives you, as constitutional commander-in chief, the very power you want to exercise, and enables you to prevent the secretary from making such orders and instructions; and, consequently, he cannot control the army, but is limited and restricted to a duty that an auditor of the treasury could perform. You certainly can afford to await the result The executive power is not weakened, but rather strengthened; assuredly, he is not such an obstruction as would warrant violence, or even a show of force which would produce the very reaction and clamor that he hopes for, to save him from the absurdity of holding an empty office 'for the safety of the country.'

"This is as much as I ought to say, and more too; but if it produces the result I will be more than satisfied, viz: That I be simply allowed to resume my proper post and duties in St. Louis. With great respect, yours truly,

"W. T. SHERMAN, Lieutenant General."

But President Johnson did not seem to appreciate the position of Sherman and persisted in his course. The private secretary said that President Johnson believed, notwithstanding Sherman's letter, that he would be pleased to come to Washington. This drew forth a second letter from General Sherman as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF MISSOURI,
ST. LOUIS, Mo., February 4, 1868.

To the President:

DEAR SIR:—It is hard for me to conceive you would purposely do me an unkindness unless under the pressure of public duty, or because you don't believe me sincere.

"I was in hopes, since my letter to you of the 31st of January, that you had concluded to pass over that purpose of yours, expressed more than once in conversation, to organize a new command for me in the east, with headquarters in Washington; but a telegram from General Grant of yesterday says that "The order was issued ordering you (me) to Atlantic Division," and the newspapers of that morning contained the same information, with the addition that I have been named as "brevet general."

"I have to appeal to my own brother in the senate to oppose my confirmation on the grounds that the two highest grades in the army ought not to be compressed with brevets, and I trust you will conceive my motives aright.

"If I could see my way clear to maintain my family, I should not hesitate a moment to resign my present commission and seek some business wherein I would be free from these unhappy complications that seem to be closing about me in spite of my earnest efforts to avoid them; but necessity ties my hands, and I must submit with the best grace I can till I make other arrangements.

"In Washington are already the headquarters of a department and of the army itself, and it is hard for me to see where I can render military service there. Any staff officer with rank of major could assure you that any gap left between these two military officers, and by being placed in Washington I will be universally construed as a rival to the general-in-chief—a position damaging to me in the highest degree.

"Our relations have always been most confidential and friendly, and if unhappily any cloud of difficulty should arise between us, my sense of personal dignity and duty would leave me no alternative but resignation. For this I am not yet prepared, but I am proceeding to arrange for it as rapidly as possible, that when the time does come (as I assure you it will) this plan is carried into effect may act promptly.

"Inasmuch as the order is now issued, I can not expect a full revocation of it, but I beg the privilege of taking post at New York or any point you may name within the new military division other than Washington. This privilege is generally granted to all military commanders, and I see no good reason why I too may not ask for it, and this simple concession, involving no public interest, will much soften the blow which, right or wrong, I construe as one of the hardest I have sustained in a life somewhat checkered with adversity. With great respect, yours truly,

"W. T. SHERMAN, Lieutenant General."

This correspondence is a credit to Sherman in every way. It shows his desire to attend strictly to the duties of his profession and anxiety not to appear in any way a rival to Grant. As so many tried to bring this about it is very much to his credit that his vanity never could be appealed to so as to diminish the glory of Grant. It is worthy of remark that his second letter to General Sherman was sent to President Johnson through General Grant, showing that if he was compelled to go to Washington not to have it appear to his old commander that he plotted for this secretly. These letters also show the same disposition of coming in contact with politicians that manifested itself during the war When Grant first went to Washington it will be remembered that Sherman warned him of his danger from politicians Andrew Johnson, in answer to this letter of Sherman's, replied by telegram on the 31st of February, 1866.

"To Lieut. Gen. W. T. Sherman, St. Louis, Mo.:

"I have just received, with General Grant's indorsement of reference, your letter to me of the 14th inst. The order to which you refer was made in good faith and with a view to the best interest of the country and the service. As, however, your assignment to a new military division seems objectionable, you will retain your present command.

"ANDREW JOHNSON."

General Sherman immediately expressed his thanks by telegraph for the concession to his wishes. But the president evidently was not pleased with the result. Two days later he sent in to the senate the nomination of General George H Thomas for brevet lieutenant general General Thomas instantly telegraphed Senator Wade, asking that the senate should not confirm the nomination on the ground that for the battle of Nashville he was made major-general in the United States army; that his services in the war did not merit so high a compliment, and if it should be considered a compliment it was too late to confer it for service during the war. He then telegraphed the president requesting that his name be withdrawn.

There is much more to this probably than appears on the surface. While President Johnson did not intend to bring about a revolution, yet it is quite evident that in case there was any open warfare between himself and congress he intended to have the army with him. He did not feel sure of Grant, and he therefore decided to summon Sherman to Washington. As he was unable to get Sherman he endeavored to ally Thomas. But to the honor of the great commanders be it remembered that no one of them would accept any favor that was not their right, and that no civil ruler could use them to gratify any personal ambition or to break up any sectional strife.

It is said that Senator McGowney has grounded the bill providing for the appointment of five commissioners for this county, because of the various stories circulated about his personal interest in the bill. It is very natural when a man has labored for this county as he has about eighteen hours out of the twenty-four during this entire session that he should be annoyed to have his motives impugned in this way. We hardly know how the false stories started, or what motive there is behind them; but the place to look for bad motives is behind some of these unfair statements. As a matter of fact this city has felt that its interests have not always been fully represented in the board of county commissioners. This feeling became quite strong in the early part of 1868 because this city has no representation on the board of county commissioners, and, yet, taking out the railroad taxes, the people of this city pay considerably more than half of the taxes. There was no feeling that the board did not use its county funds as fairly or intended to as fairly the city in any way; but there was a feeling that this city should have a director represented on the board just as Manitou and two sections of the county had. There was no desire to lessen the representation of the country, and the happier solution seemed to be to increase the board to five, when the city might have a fair representation, though not in proportion to the taxes it pays. A petition was started to secure two new commissioners, and it received many hundreds of signatures. The matter was a little over a year ago taken up by the board of trade and pushed, so that it was supposed that enough signatures were obtained to secure an increase of the board to five. But the county commissioners thought otherwise on canvassing the petition. The matter was then allowed to rest until the meeting of the legislature, when one of our most honored citizens had a bill prepared to secure this end, and it would have undoubtedly become a law had not some of our people been led to think there was something in it that did not appear on the surface. Those of our townspeople who opposed this bill have made a great mistake, and the same matter will again come up in the early future. The solution of the question by the appointment of five commissioners would have been a satisfactory one all around, depriving no one district of its representation, and giving a majority of the commissioners outside of this city. No one could complain of Senator McGowney if he did nothing more for this bill, for he has been treated outrageously. But it is to be hoped that the better and wiser sentiment of the people of this city will be manifested and that the bill will eventually become a law. To paint the illustration of the generosity of this city in the appointment of officers it may be said that both members of the lower house are from country districts; that the city has no representation in the lower house and yet it is the city that nominates and elects. It does seem too bad that they both should have gone against this measure in the house. The only explanation that we see is that the sentiment of Colorado Springs regarding this matter has been misrepresented to them

Investigation shows that there are many more precedents for the action of the house in not unanimously passing a resolution of thanks to Speaker Reed than it was at first thought. The Washington correspondent of the Globe Democrat gives the following list which is a very interesting chapter in our political history:

Fifth Congress—John Dayton, of New Jersey (Federalist). Resolution of thanks carried by a vote of 40 to 22.

Sixth Congress—Theo Sedgwick, of Massachusetts (Federalist). Yeas and nays ordered on resolution, which was carried by a vote of 49 to 35. Opposition urged "improprieties" in conduct of chair.

Tenth Congress—Jos. B. Varnum, of Mississippi (Democrat). Yeas and nays ordered on motion to pass resolution, and resolution was carried—68 to 9

Thirteenth Congress—Henry Clay, of Kentucky (Whig) Upon Clay's resignation as speaker, division taken on resolution of thanks which was carried, 144 to 9.

Twentieth Congress—Andrew Stevenson, of Virginia (Democrat) At end of first session resolution of thanks bitterly resisted and passed only after five votes on motions obviously intended for dilatory purposes Confusion in hall so great at one time that the reporter could not hear the speaker. Resolution adopted, 111 to 28 At end of second session the resolution was carried, 94 to 42, after debate.

Twenty-fifth Congress—Jas. K. Polk, of Tennessee (Democrat). Bitter opposition Yeas and nays taken on previous question, which was carried—92 to 75. Yeas and nays then taken on adoption of resolution, which was carried—94 to 57. Grounds of opposition, alleged partiality and partisanship of speaker

Twenty-seventh Congress—John White, of Kentucky (Whig) Chas. Brown and Pickens led long debate in opposition. Previous question ordered—89 to 58 Resolution carried—141 to 17

Thirtieth Congress—Robert C Winthrop, of Massachusetts (Whig) Johnson, of Tennessee, moved to strike out word "impartial" from resolution but was defeated—yeas 15, nays 161 The resolution was then adopted.

Thirty second and Thirty-third Congresses—Linn Boyd, of Kentucky (Democrat). Opposition to resolution at end of each congress Record of vote not given.

Thirty-fourth Congress—Nathaniel P Banks, of Massachusetts (Republican). Opposition led by Barksdale, of Mississippi, and others. Attempt to lay on table defeated and previous question ordered. Resolution passed on yea and nay vote—149 to 35. Barksdale objected to part of resolution relating to "impartiality"

Thirty fifth Congress—James L. Orr, of South Carolina (Democrat). Previous question ordered and resolution adopted—120 to 32.

Thirty-sixth Congress—Wm Pennington, of New Jersey (Whig). Previous question ordered and debate choked off. Division not recorded. A motion to reconsider and lay on the table.

According to the above list Reed is in very good company. All of the speakers were men of more than ordinary distinction and have gone down to history as among the greatest presiding officers of the house.

In the final review of the troops, at the Pine Ridge agency General Miles paid a great compliment to the Ninth cavalry as it passed. General Schofield has caused another compliment to be paid it, which is worthy of remark. Fort Myer, near Washington, has for some time been considered the best station in the country. General Schofield directed Major Henry, of the Ninth cavalry, to choose a troop from those of his regiment at Pine Ridge agency to occupy a part of Fort Myer. It was in this campaign that the troops of the gallant Ninth rode one hundred miles without sleep or anything to eat, to rescue the Seventh. While Major Henry did not claim that the Seventh would have been destroyed without the help of the Ninth, and has put in a disclaimer to Colonel Forsyth in order that it should not appear that the Ninth was making these great claims. Colonel Forsyth pays a very strong tribute to the value of their services. It was the gallant Ninth also which made that so splendid and successful effort to relieve the remnants of Major Thornburg's command on White river. The Ninth cavalry deserves this commendation and though race prejudices would have made this way of acknowledging the black men's services disagreeable a few years ago, yet now every true soldier will rejoice that General Schofield has called a part of the Ninth cavalry to the best post in the country

The Denver News, in its comments on the McCartney trial, had a great deal of sentimental foolishness regarding the "humanities" entering the jury room This is a wrong use of the word, but still it is evident what the News means It also spoke of the jury, instead of deciding the case by the law and by the evidence, as deciding it in accordance with the popular sentiments on the issues involved. The Aspen Chronicle in a very candid and able way comments on this editorial as follows

Assuming all this to be true as applied to the motives of the jury, it is one of those half truths that is more dangerous than falsehood. The plain inference is that if the jury had not violated the oath which they took upon entering the jury box great injustice would have been done, therefore the jury were justifiable in violating that oath No more dangerous doctrine can be taught If we are to do away with the sanctity of the oath, or leave it to the discretion of the individual when it is or is not binding, we as well dispense with our courts of justice, for they will be of no further use The same argument could be used and with equal propriety, to justify a witness who, fearing that injustice would be done if he stated the exact facts, perjured himself to save his friend. If a juryman can violate his oath to save a man from unjust punishment, why not a witness? And how many persons accused of crime are without friends to believe that no punishment is deserved?

The verdict of the McCartney jury is a dangerous precedent, and the half truths contained in the News' comments add immensely to the danger. It was the plain duty of the jury to find a verdict in accordance with the evidence, and any other course was perjury. If what they believed to be the "humanities of the case" were uppermost in their minds, they could have recommended the prisoner to the leniency of the court. If the law does not allow the court sufficient discretion in imposing a penalty, then court and jury could have united in urging upon the governor of the state, whose power in such cases is ample for the purpose of curing any defects in the machinery of the law, the justice of commuting the too severe sentence that might be imposed. This is exactly the course the jury ought to have taken It is to be hoped that the utterances of the News, which are above quoted, are not final, and that it will come out and correct the false impressions they are calculated to convey

It has been apparent from the first that no republican could be elected senator from Illinois this winter The contest was between General J. M. Palmer and some Farmers' alliance man As the alliance men favored so much backing action it was much better to elect General Palmer than to elect one of the alliance men Throughout the contest General Palmer has acted in a way to increase the respect for him He has declined to make any concessions to the alliance and goes in unpledged. Had he been a soft money man the alliance would have come to him earlier, but he has always been for a sound currency and it was because of this that the republicans had hopes of preventing any fusion of alliance votes with him This is the first national office that he has ever occupied and he begins rather late at the age of seventy-three General Palmer was born in Kentucky in 1817 When a boy of fifteen he removed to Illinois He was admitted to the bar in 1840 and held office after that several state offices He was a member of the first national republican convention that met in 1856 and a presidential elector in 1860, when he cast his vote for Abraham Lincoln Just before the firing on Fort Sumter he attended a peace convention in February, 1861. During the war his sympathies were strongly on the side of the government He raised the Fourteenth Illinois and was soon made brigadier general. He was with General Pope at Island No 10 and with General Grant at the beginning of the Vicksburg campaign He then was transferred to the Army of the Cumberland in which he passed the rest of his military life He led a division so gallantly at Stone river that he was made major general He was a conspicuous figure in the battle of Chickamauga and the Atlanta campaign he commanded the Fourteenth army corps Later when General Sherman tried to settle a question of precedence between General Schofield and General Palmer, he decided in favor of the former This ended General Palmer's resignation of his command and he saw no active service after this. His war record however, is extremely good, and he was one of the leaders of the Illinois soldiers. Senators Farwell and Cullom are almost the only men who have attained high positions who were not in the army Grant, Logan, Oglesby, Palmer, Morrison, Black, Rowell, and Farnsworth are the names of some of those whom the people of Illinois loved to honor.

Sitting Bull.

The Great Divide for March has been received and is the most attractive number of this original and striking journal that we have yet seen A brilliant feature, worthy of special mention, is the art supplement, an aquarelle portrait of Sitting Bull in seven colors, showing the great medicine man of the Sioux in full costume. The stories, poems, scientific and descriptive articles in this number are more than usually attractive, and are made doubly interesting by copious and artistic illustrations. A copy of this special art issue will be sent to anyone addressing The Great Divide at Denver, Colorado, and enclosing ten cents.

READY TO ARBITRATE.

Lord Salisbury's Answer to Mr. Blaine's Last Dispatch.

A Masterly Presentation of Great Britain's Side.

Let Disputed Points be Left to Impartial Referees.

A Sensational Canadian Story of Imminent War.

Lord Salisbury's Dispatch.

WASHINGTON, March 10.—The Behring sea negotiations have taken a most favorable turn and the governments of the United States and Great Britain appear to at length have reached a basis upon which to settle their difficulties, as is evidenced by the following communication from Lord Salisbury to Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British minister here, which was made public by him to night:

FOREIGN OFFICE,
February 21, 1891.

To Sir Julian Pauncefote.

SIR—The dispatch of Mr. Blaine under date of the 17th of December, has been carefully considered by her majesty's government. The effect of the discussion which has been carried on between the two governments has been materially to narrow the area of controversy. It is now quite clear that the advisers of the president do not claim Behring sea as a mare clausum and indeed that they repudiate that contention in express terms. Nor do they rely, as a justification for the seizure of British ships in the open sea, upon the contention that the interests of the seal fisheries give to the United States government any right for that purpose, which, according to international law it would not otherwise possess.

The claim of the United States to prevent the exercise of the seal fisheries by other nations in the Bearing sea rests now exclusively upon the interest which by purchase they possess in a ukase issued by the Emperor Alexander I, in the year 1821, which prohibits foreign vessels from approaching within one hundred Italian miles of the coast and islands then belonging to Russia in the Behring sea. But it is said that this proposition, worthless in itself acquired validity and force against the British government because that government can be shown to have accepted its provisions. The ukase was a mere usurpation, but it is said that it was converted into a valid international law as against the British government by the admission of this government itself.

The vital question for decision is whether any other government and especially whether the government of Great Britain has ever accepted the claim put forward in this ukase. Our contention is, that not only can it not be shown that the government of Great Britain at any time since 1821 has admitted the soundness of the pretension put forward by that ukase, but that it can be shown that it has categorically denied it on more than one occasion.

Mr. Blaine does not deal with any precedents which appear to her majesty's government to be in themselves amply sufficient to decide the question whether Great Britain did, or did not, acquiesce in the Russian claim put forward by the ukase. He confines himself mainly, in the dispatch under consideration, to the consideration of the treaties which were subsequently made between Great Britain and Russia and America and Russia in 1825, and especially to that between Russia and Great Britain. The stipulation to which I refer is contained in the first article, (agreeing that the respective subjects of the two nations shall not be molested in the navigation or fishing in any part of the Pacific ocean.) I understand Mr. Blaine's argument to be, that, if Great Britain had intended to protest against the claim of Russia to exclude ships for 100 miles from her coasts in Bearing sea, she would have taken this opportunity of doing so, but that in confining herself to stipulations in favor of [illegible] liberty of navigation and fishing in any part of the ocean, commonly called the Pacific ocean she by implication, renounced any claim that would arise out of the same set of circumstances in regard to any sea that was not part of the Pacific ocean, and then Mr. Blaine goes on to contend that the phrase "Pacific ocean" did not, and does not include Bearing sea. If this latter contention was correct, I would earnestly demur to the conclusion that our inherited rights to free passage and free fishing over a vast extent of ocean could be effectively renounced by mere reticence or omission. That right is one of which we could not be deprived unless we consented to abandon it, and that consent could not be sufficiently inferred from our negotiators having omitted to mention the subject on one particular occasion, but I am not prepared to admit the justice of Mr. Blaine's contention that the words "Pacific ocean" did not include Bearing sea. I believe that in common parlance, then and now Bearing sea was and is a part of the Pacific ocean, and that the latter words were used in order to give the fullest and widest scope possible to the claim which the British negotiators were so emphatically recording of a right freely to navigate and fish in every part of it and throughout its entire extent. In proof of the argument that the words "Pacific ocean" do not include Bearing sea, Mr. Blaine adduces a long list of maps in which a designation distinct from that of "Pacific ocean" is given to Bearing sea, either in Bearing sea or sea of Kamschatka or the "sea of Amachr." The argument will hardly have any force unless it is applicable with equal truth to all the oceans of the world. If then, or in any language, the Pacific ocean is used as a phrase including the sea from Bearing straits to the Antarctic channel it follows that the article of the treaty of 1825 did secure to Great Britain in fullest manner the freedom of navigation and fishing in Behring sea.

In regard to the questions as they are proposed by Mr. Blaine, I shall say as to the first and second no objection will be offered by her majesty's government. The fourth question is hardly worded referring to an arbitrator, as Great Britain would be prepared to accept it without dispute. The sixth question (relating to the establishment of a closed period in sea fishing) which deals with the issues that will arise in case the controversy should be decided in favor of Great Britain would perhaps more fitly form the substance of a separate reference.

Her majesty's government have no objection to refer to the general question of a close time to arbitration or to ascertain by that means how far the enactment of such a provision is necessary for the preservation of the seal species; but any such reference ought not to contain words appearing to attribute special and abnormal rights in the matter to the United States. There is an omission in these questions which I have no doubt the government of the president will be very glad to repair; and that is, the reference to the arbitrator of the question as to what would be in a measure due to the persons who have been injured, in case it should be determined by him that the action of the United States in seizing the British vessels has been without warrant in international law. Subject to these reservations her majesty's government will have great satisfaction in joining with the movement of the United States in seeking by means of arbitration an adjustment of the international questions which have so long formed matter of controversy between the two governments."

In closing Lord Salisbury requests that Mr. Blaine be furnished with a copy of his dispatch.

The Millington Trial

DENVER, March 11.—Mrs. Harcin took the stand again this morning in the Millington trial. She testified to Millington's frequent visits to Mrs. Avery while the latter was at her house, and of finding them in Mrs. Avery's room one afternoon sitting "unnecessarily close to each other."

Professor Davis, a chemist, short hand man, school teacher and lawyer, was next called. He testified to selling Pearl Avery a box of "Rough on Rats" on the 5th of last May, while clerking in Scott's drug store at Fort Collins.

James Budroe, the brother of Frank Budroe, who testified a few days ago about the quarrel between Wm. L. Avery and Frank Millington, was put on the stand this afternoon to testify to the correspondence that he had with his brother relative to his testimony in this case. His brother had been summoned from Portland to testify. He brought the letters and the copy book containing the copies of the letters he had written to his brother in Portland. But the copy book did not contain undated letter which Budroe says was written to him about Christmas time. One of the letters too, was missing.

Mr. Thomas made a great deal out of these letters. He scrutinized every circumstance surrounding them with a suspicious air, as if he smelled something wrong in it. The witness said he wrote a certain letter for a purpose. His brother was a "rolling stone," he said, and might, in order to get back to Colorado, try to make his testimony appear important. The letter was to prevent that.

Clark McCartney, a servant in the Avery family, testified that immediately after Avery's death Mrs. Avery made frequent trips to Denver, occasionally remaining over night. She said she came to Denver for the purpose of consulting her lawyers.

Gertie Scribner, the little girl to whom Dillie told the fairy story on the train between Denver and Fort Collins when Dillie was going to Fort Collins in disguise, told again to day the story of the linen ulster, the black veil, and the mysterious little black satchel. Dillie told her that she lived at Brighton, but she would not stop there. She was going straight through Fort Collins to make a loan of Millington and Avery. When Dillie got off the train, Gertie showed her where the Averys lived.

Sarah Avery, wife of Frank Avery, told of her visit to Mrs Avery. Mrs. Avery visited her brother in law at his house on Tuesday, the 20th of May. That was her first visit to him, though he had been sick some time. That was the day of his sinking spell. He said he was very tired. His face looked dark and his finger nails were purple. Mrs. Avery said he had a spasm. The witness remembered that there had been some talk about employing a nurse, and Mrs. Avery had said she would not have a woman, she would have a man.

"I noticed that he was very nervous. He kept tossing the covers down and then pulling them up again." He had no use of his lower limbs; one day he tried to pick up a handkerchief and said he couldn't feel it when he held it in his hand. He was a good deal worse than we thought. I said, 'Why, Mary, Frank thinks he is better and the doctor thinks he is all right.' 'Well, Frank don't know anything about it,' she said. She was very kind, even affectionate. She kissed him and brushed his hair. After Mr Avery's death, when she was on the bed and apparently asleep, she kept murmuring "Poor Will" and "Dear Will" and that sort of a thing.

The court then adjourned until to-morrow.

A Large Strike Expected.

CHICAGO, March 11.—A special dispatch from Milwaukee says: From present indications the lockout of the plasterers seems to be only a forerunner of what may be expected at the opening of the building season this year. All the building trades in this city are members of the building league. In this organization are included the stonecutters, masons and bricklayers, carpenters, plasterers, hod carriers, plumbers, roofers and cabinet makers, and the total membership of these organizations is fully 5000 men. These unions will stand by each other. The carpenters are backed by the treasury of the international brotherhood and the remaining unions are financially able to stand a protracted siege if necessary.

Arkansas Treasury Defalcation

ST. LOUIS, March 11.—A special from Little Rock, Ark, says: Senator Russ, of the joint committee on Treasurer Woodruff's accounts, stated that the committee was not done with the count, and the ex-treasurer was short about $110,000 in addition to the admitted defalcation. Certain scrip belonging to several of the counties is missing and the ex treasurer has obtained permission of the committee to put up scrip of other counties in lieu thereof.

TALES OF CONGRESSMEN.

MR. STONE, OF KENTUCKY, AND HOW HE WAS RESCUED.

Bluff George Tillman—When Senator Berry Was a School Teacher—An Unidentified Congressman—A Romance in the Life of Every Statesman.

Special Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, March 9.—When we sat in the galleries of the house and senate a week or so ago and watched the closing performances of the Fifty-first congress, it was upon a commonplace, weary, toiling, practical lot of men that we looked down. Ordinarily one would not think there was much except the prosaic and the humdrum in these statesmen. But now that the congress is gone and its members have departed, one reflects that in the lives of many of them there were incidents savoring of the dramatic or the sentimental. Statesmen have their romances, like other people, after all. For instance, one easily calls before his mind's eye Mr. Stone, of Kentucky, who has long been one of the most conspicuous men on the floor of the house.

Imagine a tall, big framed man, with a huge head and a broad smile—why are cripples always good natured and happy?—moving about the house on a crutch, laughing and joking with this member or that, and now and then bringing upon the floor a favorite little daughter. Thus you have before you our first hero. That crutch! But for it this story would not have to be told. At least Mr. Stone would not appear in it. A quarter of a century ago Mr. Stone was a strapping lad on his father's farm in Kentucky. When the war between the states broke out he concluded, notwithstanding his youthfulness, to take a hand in the scrimmage, as did so many of the boys and striplings of the day. Which side young Stone enlisted on it is not necessary to state in this story. It is sufficient to say that one summer evening, as the sun was setting behind a bank of haze and smoke rising from a battle field not far from the border line between Kentucky and Tennessee, the farmer's lad found himself lying flat on his back, alone in a bit of underbrush, and with his life's blood pouring out of a gaping wound in his leg. Presently he began to feel faint and drowsy, and his previous efforts to crawl away having resulted in failure, he resigned himself to the comforting embrace of the goddess of slumber. Without doubt this would have been his last sleep had not another goddess happened that way.

A young woman, the daughter of a farmer living near the battle field, was somewhat timidly going across lots to a neighbor's house when she stumbled upon the body of a young soldier, all stained and bloody. At first she thought him dead, and was about to pass on with a shudder when some irresistible impulse drew her toward the still and ghastly body. It is not necessary to tell the remainder of the story. It is a romance which the veriest tyro can complete without knowing the facts. The young girl's impulse to turn back, or whatever it was, saved the life of young soldier Stone, who lay there fast bleeding to death. She quickly discovered that he was alive, and lost no time in having him conveyed to her father's house and his wound attended by surgeons. His life was saved, but the limb was ultimately lost. And the young woman, who nursed her patient through long but not weary months? Why, of course, she is the mother of the pretty little girl whom we saw last week playing with her father's crutch on the floor of the house of representatives.

Just before the adjournment of congress I saw on the floor of the senate a man about whom many romances have been woven, some of them entitled to respect as being of real life. It was Senator-elect Irby, of South Carolina, who has succeeded to the title and the seat so long possessed by brave old Wade Hampton. When Mr. Irby was a much younger man than he is now he was rather wild and reckless. Becoming involved in some difficulty in his native state, his father thought it best for him to go away for a time till the troubled waters could become calm. Accordingly the young man was sent out to Arkansas, where he visited a former friend of his father, Dr. Jacques. For a joke he assumed a fictitious name, just to surprise his father's friends, and as Mrs. Jacques had not seen Irby since he was a small boy, she said to the stranger on his arrival at her door, "So you are from the old state of South Carolina? I wonder if you knew the Irbys? You did! Well, I want to inquire about them Irby boys. Their pa and ma were just as nice folks as ever lived, but them boys were scamps, if there ever were any, and I shouldn't be a bit surprised to hear they had all been hung." At this juncture the new senator, who tells the story on himself, confessed his identity, and promised the good woman he would, on returning home, take warning from her, and try to live such a life thereafter that the gallows should not get him.

This pretty little story calls to mind a romance in the career of another South Carolina statesman, none other than bluff old George Tillman, one of the most honest, highly respected and able men in the delegation from that state. Like the new senator from South Carolina, Mr. Tillman when a young man was inclined to be wild and reckless. After the fashion of most of the young men of his day and many of those of this, he played cards, even gambled, and sometimes imbibed of strong drink. On one occasion he became involved in a quarrel with a man at the card table. Young Tillman was sitting in a club house playing with one or two friends when, a dispute arising, a man standing by who was not concerned in the game and with whom Tillman had not been on good terms, made some offensive remarks. Tillman resented this interference, and, on the offense being repeated with such aggravation as amounted to insult, the young man rose from the table and, without a word, but with movements as quick as a tiger's, plunged his knife into the heart of his tormentor and enemy. Of course there was nothing for it but flight, and the unfortunate youth disappeared from the state. During his absence he was tried under an old South Carolina law and sentenced to the penitentiary. In a year or so, acting on the advice of his relations and friends, Tillman returned to South Carolina, gave himself up to the authorities, was pardoned by the governor, and, living then and ever after a correct life he was elected to the legislature and finally to congress, where he has been some ten years or more, an honored and distinguished gentleman.

There is a genuine romance in the career of nearly every prominent and successful man in public life—the sort of romance involved in rapid rising from the humblest estate to the prominent. Such romances, remarkable enough in other countries, are in America almost commonplace because so plentiful. I could write forty columns about this kind of romance in the history of our public men, from the missionary's Sawyer, who started out in life a blacksmith's helper, to the new senator from North Dakota, Mr. Hansbrough, who was once a tramp printer, and a very good printer, too, as the itinerant journeymen were likely to be in the old days. But we are trying to avoid the commonplace.

A few weeks ago Senator Berry, of Arkansas, made a speech in the senate chamber which attracted a good deal of attention. Of all the letters in commendation of that speech received by the senator none pleased him more than one from his father-in-law. Thereby hangs a tale. Senator Berry was a native of Mississippi, and when a mere lad of 15 or 16—an ignorant country boy without many advantages or much hope in life—enlisted in the Confederate army, partly because he hadn't anything else to do. In the battle of Corinth he lost a leg, and when he was well enough to leave the hospital found an opportunity to study law at Ozark, Ark., doing "chores" for his board while prosecuting his studies. Afterward he moved to Carroll county and became a school teacher at the munificent salary of $12 a month; but out of this he managed to save something, as he had a special and very dear object in view, which was nothing less than union in matrimony with a fair young creature of Ozark. The fair young creature was willing, but her papa was not. He was not going to have his daughter throw herself away on a penniless school master. The following chapter the average reader will be able to guess without a hint from me. The future senator closed his school, crossed the mountains and, with the aid of a trusty friend and a ladder stole the girl from a second story window and married her before the stern parent could interfere.

Not long afterward the young schoolmaster was elected to the legislature. He made a good record there, and was finally elected speaker of the house of representatives. Still the father of his wife refused to forgive. The wife of the future senator and her children visited frequently at her father's homestead, but the future senator himself waited and waited in vain for an invitation thither. Four or five years later young Berry was elected circuit judge, but still no forgiveness came from the relentless old gentleman at Ozark. "My son-in-law, Judge Berry," he would say to his friends, but for the judge himself he had not a word. Nine years ago, after he had been married some twelve or fifteen years, Mr. Berry's friends nominated him for governor of Arkansas and elected him by a mere trifle of 40,000 majority. This was more than the obstinate father-in-law could endure. When he heard the result of the election he sat down and wrote a letter to his son-in-law, the governor-elect, in which he declared his daughter had been a better judge of human nature than himself, and that it would give him great pleasure to welcome the new governor at his house. Since that day the old gentleman and the governor, now the senator, have been the warmest kind of friends.

The story which I have told hereinbefore about Congressman Tillman reminds me of a conversation I had about two weeks ago with Mr. L. G. Asay, of Chicago, while sitting in Senator Farwell's committee room at the Capitol. Mr. Asay was for many years the leading criminal lawyer of Chicago, and his fame extended all over the west and southwest. He was one of the few men whom that great editor, Wilbur F. Storey, the founder of The Chicago Times, took to his heart. "In the house of representatives today," said Mr. Asay, "I saw a man whose face brought back to me one of the most dramatic incidents of my professional career. Years ago I was called to a southwestern state to defend a young man who had been charged with murder. My client had done nothing but to run his knife through the heart of an enemy, literally cutting that organ in halves. There was no doubt of the man's guilt, and I was at my wits' end for an argument to make before the jury. The guilty man was well connected, was a graduate of Harvard college, and these things were in his favor; but he had killed a man of his own sort, and the friends of the victim were clamoring for justice. In his charge to the jury the judge ruled that but one verdict was possible—murder in the first degree. Manslaughter, he said, was out of the question. I expostulated with the judge, and at the close of court, before the jury had been sent out, he asked me to come up to his house that night and talk the matter over with him. I did so, and we argued the legal points involved till I had succeeded in convincing the judge of his error.

"In court next day he resumed his charge to the jury, corrected his former instruction and gave me a chance to make an address on the changed phase of the case. If I ever worked hard for a man I did for that client of mine. With all the eloquence and persuasiveness I possessed I begged the gentlemen of the jury to convict my client of manslaughter, though I felt down in my heart there was but one thing they could do, and that was to send him to the gallows for murder in the first degree. When the jury retired I was willing to wager money my man would hang. I scarcely cared hope they would let him off with manslaughter. When the verdict came in it was—what do you suppose?—acquittal. Yes, my client walked out of court a free man. Meeting one of the jurymen afterward, I asked him how they had arrived at such a conclusion, in view of the certain guilt of the accused.

"'Well,' he replied, 'you see how it is, stranger. Our jail is in such a wretched condition that there was some of us opposed to sentencing any gentleman to stay there while he was waiting to be hanged.' This is a true story," concluded Mr. Asay, "though many jokes with this remark of the juryman's for a basis have been floating around the country."

"What became of the client who escaped so easily, Mr. Asay."

"I knew you would ask that question, and I hardly know how to answer you. Of course I cannot tell you his name, but I am willing to say that he is a highly respected man, occupying a distinguished position, and I think you know him very well. He has lived in Washington for a number of years."

So the identity of this particular hero of a congressional romance must remain a mystery.

ROBERT GRAVES.

Are They to Be Considered Slaves.

There is a curious contingency likely to arise in connection with Lieut. Mason A. Shufeldt's visit to Africa. He goes for the purpose of securing exhibits for the World's fair, and among these desires to number a band of dwarfs. It is said that the notorious Arab, Tippoo Tib, "will obtain the pigmies by purchase, and the point will doubtless be raised that they will be brought to America as slaves."

Candles from Myrtle Berries.

Candles from wax are in some quarters the fashionable light for evening entertainments, but a southern lady declares that they do not equal those made of the myrtle berry. She learned the merits of the latter during war times, and has used them ever since. "While burning they throw out a most delicious odor. In color they are pale green and their flame looks pink."

FOURTEEN MILLS.

That Is What the City Tax Will Be for 1891.

The Annual Appropriation Ordinance Adopted.

Adjourned Regular Meeting of the City Council.

The city council met last night, pursuant to adjournment, to consider the annual appropriations for 1891, but the first two hours were consumed with a lot of petty business. All the aldermen were on hand and Mayor Stillman was in the chair.

Alderman Barnes presented a report from the city engineer about the cost of rip-rapping Prospect Lake, from which it appeared that the cost, using slag, would be (estimated) $5739, while stone work would cost $57[illegible]. On motion the matter was referred to the water committee.

Alderman Bartlett recommended that the city clerk purchase three new shut off hydrants, and it was so ordered.

Mr. Barnett, of the Antlers, asked through the mayor, that he might place scales on Cascade avenue in front of the newer part of the hotel. Granted, provided that the beam box be placed on the Antlers property and not on either sidewalk or street.

Alderman Bartlett spoke of the necessity of having an indicator put in the city hall where the firemen could see it when an alarm was sent in, and the chief was directed to investigate as to the cost, etc., of getting one.

Alderman Sprague offered a resolution, which was adopted, providing that in the hiring of men to do the city work preference be given to those who had families, over single men, and to permanent residents over transient workmen.

The following polling places were designated for the coming city elections: First ward, court house; Second ward, W. R. Roby's office; Third ward, in the carpenter shop on the alley back of E. C. Bartlett's house; Fourth ward, city hall; Fifth ward, Ferrin hose house.

Alderman Rudy of the committee on ordinances presented three ordinances. One, changing the name of Huerfano street to Colorado avenue; Washington avenue to Pike's Peak avenue, Lincoln avenue to Kiowa street, Grant and Bellevue avenues to Cucharras street, and of Chestnut street in the northeast part of town to Stillman street. The ordinance went over under the rules. The second proposed ordinance provided for the repression of any nuisance, or offensive business carried on within one mile of the city limits, and also went over. The third was the long suffering amendment to the sidewalk ordinance, and after a long discussion it was passed, so phrased that a man can drive on his own sidewalks, outside that part of town, bounded by Bijou and Cucharras streets, and Cascade and Nevada avenues, to unload onto his property.

Alderman Ripley introduced the plat of Fair View addition which was referred to the street and alley committee.

The bill for $42 presented by Thomas Honeyman for lost time caused by being run over by a hose cart was taken up and after a long discussion was referred to a special committee consisting of Aldermen Roby, Barnes and Rudy.

After a ten minutes intermission, to fix up the appropriations, Alderman Gillingham moved that the ordinance committee draw up an ordinance fixing the hours of labor for the city at nine hours and it was so ordered.

The appropriation ordinance was then taken up and Alderman McCreery moved that the rules be suspended so that when the various items were agreed to the ordinance might be placed upon its passage. Alderman Bartlett said that the fire chief was preparing a statement which might change the appropriation, so he wished the final disposal of the ordinance deferred until the next meeting. On a vote Alderman McCreery's motion was lost. Alderman McCreery then moved that the appropriation for the fire department be made $6000, which was carried. He then renewed his motion to suspend the rules, and it was carried. The finance committee explained, through its chairman, Mr. McCreery, that owing to the new semi annual tax [illegible] interest funds for one year and a half must be appropriated, and in order to keep down the levy on account of this, $8,000 additional, he thought some of the proposed appropriations would have to be cut down. After a long discussion, in which each proposed cut was more or less resisted, the following appropriations were agreed on and the ordinance adopted.

FIRST—STREETS, ALLEYS, BRIDGES AND DITCHES.	
General purposes	12000
SECOND—GENERAL SALARIES.	
Mayor	500
Aldermen—For attendance at regular meetings	2000
City Clerk	1200
Assistant to City Clerk	720
City Attorney	800
City Treasurer	400
Superintendent of Water Works	1200
Assistant Supt. of Water Works	720
City Marshal	1200
City Police	7320
Street Commissioner	1060
Ditch Commissioner	525
Chief of fire department	300
First assistant chief fire department	100
City Physician	300
Superintendent of Sewers	1000
Contingent	500
THIRD—SEWER—EXTENSION.	
For care of pipes and extension	3000
FOURTH—FIRE DEPARTMENT.	
General use	6000
FIFTH—PUBLIC GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS.	
For the care of public parks and buildings	2500
SIXTH—EXTENSION—WATER.	
For extension of water mains for 1891	8000
SEVENTH—PRINTING AND STATIONERY.	
For general purposes	500
EIGHTH—MISCELLANEOUS	
For election expenses	250
For collecting revenues	2500
For fuel and light for city hall	500
For interest on 1891 warrants	1500
For contingent	1000
NINTH—WATER WORKS.	
Sinking Fund	57[illegible]
Interest on bonds	35065
TENTH—CITY HALL.	
Sinking fund	2000
Interest on bonds	120
ELEVENTH—SPRINKLING.	
Sprinkling streets	6000
TWELFTH—LIGHTING STREETS.	
General purposes	6480
THIRTEENTH—SEWER WORKS.	
Interest on bonds	6750
FOURTEENTH—BRIDGE	
Interest on bonds	900

Chairman McCreery of the finance committee announced the total as $119,740. The city clerk estimated that the net revenue of the city would be in round numbers $45,000, and on this basis Mr. McCreery estimated the levy as 14 mills.

On motion of Alderman Sprague, $500 was donated to the public library from the fines account. The council then adjourned.

Weather Report.

Weather report taken at Colorado college for week ending March 9, at 1.30 p. m.:

Barometric pressure—Mean pressure at 1.30 p. m. 23.794 inches; maximum on March 3 at 10 a. m. 23.78 inches; minimum on March 5 at 1 p. m. 23.59 inches.

Wind—Total movement 1553 miles; mean hourly velocity 9.2 miles; maximum per 33 miles on March 2 at 9 p. m.

Temperature—Mean temperature at 1.30 p. m. 32.5 degrees; maximum on March 2 at 2 p. m. 63; minimum on March 7 at 3 a. m. [illegible]

County Exchanges.

Monument Messenger.

Our streets have been crowded the past week with wagons and teams of the ranchmen delivering their potatoes. Monument is without doubt the largest shipping point for products of the farm in the state, south of Denver.

Monument Messenger.

Credit is justly due Prof. W. C. Grafton, L. C. Ormes and Miss Marsh for the highly successful manner in which our public school has been conducted during the present term. The Monument schools have attained a high reputation as an educational institution, and this is due in a great measure to our excellent teachers.

Monument Messenger.

The city council have decided to put in a public well at the northeast corner of the park. The contract will be let the coming week and work will commence immediately.

Monument Recorder.

The Monument Dramatic club will produce the play entitled "Odd's with the Enemy" in about three weeks. There are characters including a nigger and a dude. The play will be fully as interesting as their last entertainment.

Crystal Peak Beacon.

Messrs. Nevitt, Phipps, Ryan Bros. and Lafferty of this city have organized the Nelly Bly Mining company and begin operations at Pisgah to-morrow.

Western News (Woodland Park column.)

At the organizing of the town council Thursday night the officers elect were sworn in and E. B Peck appointed town clerk, and A. R. Eackman treasurer. It was decided to leave the offices of marshal and street commissioner vacant for the present. The mayor appointed a committee of three to draft ordinances and resolutions and then adjourned until Monday evening when E. B. Peck was sworn in as town clerk. Then the following ordinances were adopted: Concerning dogs; concerning town seal; concerning license; concerning town officers; concerning finances; huxters; hawkers; liveries; drays; peddlers and auctioneers. They then adjourned to meet in special session Saturday night to consider the water question.

Manitou Journal.

An unusual interest in the coming spring election has been shown during the past week notwithstanding the election does not take place until a month from this date. Never before have there been such an abundance of names mentioned for mayor and members of the council. For the mayoralty are M. A. Leddy, D. L. Sterling, W. D. Sawin, Major Hulbert and of course Dr. Davis who always runs. For the council are E. P. Creighton, Dr. Isaac Davis, Geo. W. Snider, Major Hulbert, C. W. Barker, A. Cree, Dr Lewis, Captain Rogers, J. P. Fitting, Charles Pollen and L. Sawyer. Voters will surely have an opportunity to give expression to their preferences, but there is only one mayor and three councilmen to elect and somebody is bound to get left.

OUT WEST.

The Salida Daily News is dead.

A base ball club was organized in Castle Rock Saturday.

A very large body of excellent coal has been discovered at Sundance, Wyoming.

A prominent Buena Vista citizen received serious injuries in a hen coop Tuesday night.

The Bull Domingo mine at Silver Cliff was flooded from an old working Tuesday morning.

Durango received the first mail through the snow blockade for twenty-two days, Tuesday morning.

The sheriff and county commissioners of Boulder county are at odds over the question of jurisdiction over the county jail.

The Carbondale Avalanche has removed to Glenwood Springs where it will continue to buck against the county government.

A Henry's Lake, Montana, man has broken two elk and a moose to work in harness and takes a daily spin around the lake, much to the astonishment of his neighbors.

One of Denver's Chinese physicians was arrested the other day for obtaining money under false pretenses. He proved that he did not actually claim to cure anything and was discharged.

A prominent sheep man in northwestern Montana says that out of some 20,000 head of sheep he has only lost five head thus far. He has only fed two days during the winter and his sheep are in excellent condition.

Three of the "reputable and intelligent" men who composed the jury in the recent McCartney murder trial in Denver were constrained to ask the sheriff for a night's lodging after the rendering of the verdict because they were without homes and penniless.

CRIMINAL QUARTERS.

Scenes of Parisian Life in the Route De La Revolte.

The City of the Sun and Its Hideous Surroundings.

Rag Pickers and Murderers—Poverty and Crime.

PARIS, February 28.—In one of my last letters I alluded to the "Route de la Revolte," where the rag tag and bobtail of Paris commonly has its abode. If the name of this suburban thoroughfare is an ugly one, the place itself is uglier still. The road extends, straight and flat, ill paved, as muddy in winter as it is dusty and shadeless in summer, all the way from Neuilly to St. Denis. On the city surveyors' maps it figures as "road No. ...," and is now an avenue, now a boulevard, but its real name from end to end is the one given to it by every born Parisian, if not officially recognized by the municipality. How often the newspapers have occasion to speak of it! Not a day goes by but some nocturnal attack, some crime or theft occurs in one of the villages it traverses, its tumble-down ramshackle tenements to-day shelter all the rogues and vagabonds escaped from the Cour des Miracles, as well as the Bohemians from Little Poland. And yet, partly from professional duty, partly from artistic curiosity, I have often been led to visit its sinister by-lanes and corners at all hours of the day and night.

It extends, as I have said, from Neuilly to St. Denis. Nothing abnormal signalizes its approach on the Neuilly side, where Buffalo Bill had his magnificent circus a short while ago. It looks like any other avenue in that quarter of broad and healthy thoroughfares. Yet it recalls a sorrowful catastrophe from the outset. Here, on July 4, 1842, at the early age of 30, the Duke of Orleans was killed. The duke left Paris in the forenoon in a light open carriage, with a postilion, intending to take leave of the royal family at Neuilly, and then proceed to the camp at St. Omer. As he approached the Porte Maillot, one of the entrance gates to the Bois de Boulogne, the horses took fright. The postilion seeming to lose his command over them, the duke called out: "Are you master of your horses?" "Sir, they still obey the reins," was the reply. After a few seconds the duke again said: "I am afraid you cannot hold them." The answer was: "I cannot, sir." The duke then endeavored to get out of the carriage, but his feet becoming entangled in his cloak he was thrown to the ground and his head was dreadfully fractured. He was conveyed to the house of M. Lecordier, a grocer, where at ten minutes past 4 o'clock of the same afternoon, the duke breathed his last unconscious of the grief that surrounded him and apparently without pain. With the exception of the Queen of the Belgians, the Prince de Joinville, then at Naples, and the Duchess of Orleans, who was at Plombieres, the royal family were witnesses of the heart rending scene. A monument commemorating the event was afterwards erected on the site of the grocer's house where the young prince expired. It is still to be seen off on the right.

The road extends through Neuilly and enters the Paris zone, where it assumes the name of Boulevard Gouvion Saint-Cyr, one of the new external thoroughfares. It merely skirts the capital, and swerves off again on nearing Levallois-Perret, by the Porte de la Revolte, one of the city gates.

We soon reach the Rue de Courcelles at the corner of which street is a sorry-looking shanty with canvas awning and wooden benches in the open air, called the Restaurant des Pieds-Humides—restaurant of the damp feet—where cooking of a weird order and *petit noir* (black extract of chicory) is concocted for its grim customers. I am not squeamish, I have eaten horse, mule, donkey, dog, cat, rat and other flesh, nay, tallow soup, during the siege of Paris, but the bare idea of the cag mag served up at this wayside hostelry is sufficient to take away even a hungry man's appetite.

Next door is "Father Alexander," a regular Paris character. Of Jewish extraction and a trader by birth, Pere Alexander went into business almost as soon as he could toddle alone. He sells a manner of things, from broken glass, rabbit skins and old scrap iron to valuable oil paintings bought up by him after the death of their owners at the public auction rooms in the Rue Drouot. His bazaar is a real museum, and as for his warehouse, none could be found to draw up an inventory of its contents. Pere Alexander has, it is alleged, contrived to put up a few thousand francs in the French funds. "He has money," say his neighbors.

We next come upon the Route d'Asnieres and walk by a series of narrow lanes, called Touze ain, de l'Ecole, Trebert, and Saint Charles, which lead from the Route de la Revolte to the Rue des Cailloux, where, as the name implies, flint and pebbles abound. These lanes are lined with small hovels wherein rag pickers are chiefly to be found. From eight at night until five in the morning, a crowd of men carrying a basket on their backs and a lantern in their hands is noticeable. The constant flicker of the lights as the poor devils go and come is a curious sight. It suggests a possession of glow worms, when viewed from afar. The men sleep in the day time or sort their rubbish. Compared with other places along the road, this spot is a decent one. The rag pickers who live there operate in the richer quarters of Paris—the Madeleine, Opera Rue Royale and Faubourg St. Honore. They have a secret understanding with the domestic servants and concierges, and carry the dust bins to the scavenger's cart when it comes round. In that way they rummage in receptacles which often afford good pickings.

They are thus able to earn a decent livelihood. Some have a small cart drawn by a little donkey or broken-winded screw. They empty in one the contents of their baskets three or four times in the course of the night, and bring home a more plentiful supply with less fatigue. Unfortunately they swill off so many glasses of *casse poitrine* brandy and *gros bleu* wine in their nightly rambles that they dissipate in drink the larger part of their profits.

Side by side with the rag pickers are to be found ambulant musicians, both vocal and instrumental, chair menders and a few Parisian workmen attracted by the cheapness of the house rent. Their health, however, and that of their family, pays dearly for such ill advised economy. In those narrow, badly ventilated alleys, which are seldom, if ever, cleaned, and where the effluvia from the rags and bones contaminate the air, typhoid fever and pulmonary complaints await the new comer. As in the colonies, a person must get used to the climate in order to live there.

Resuming our walk along the Route de la Revolte, we must now pass under the viaduct of the Western railway—a dangerous defile after dark. There is not a single gas lamp or other light throughout its whole length—fully three hundred yards—and the arch, which is the work of several architects, at various periods affords any number of obscure nooks and corners where thieves and cut throats too often lurk in ambush until the unguarded wayfarer goes by, when they rush out of their hiding place to rob or otherwise molest him.

At Clichy, which lies at no great distance beyond this perilous spot, the road assumes the name of Boulevard de la Revolte. On the right lies a waste piece of ground where the local police, when it has a mind to, may capture enough vagabonds to people a prison. However numerous may be the arrests one day, they by no means diminish the number of rogues arrested the next. The night-prowler knows that the police is likely to appear on the scene at any time, when he is bundled off to the lock-up; but he is never discouraged by such mishaps; it is part and parcel of his erratic existence. Some have been caught this way five or six times in succession.

Hurrying past the Rue Jeanne d'Asnieres, and three blind alleys called Deligny, Coute-Vent and Gilet, we come upon the *Cite du Soleil*, or City of the Sun, which we will stop to examine. It is well worth our while. Black and stinking, it is undoubtedly the ugliest rookeries on our way. I doubt whether anything worse could have been found among the vilest haunts of the old quarters of the city leveled by Baron Haussmann. The spectacle is hideous. The lanes extending between the ragpickers' hovels are full of deep ruts and quagmires, where children, dogs and pigs wallow promiscuously, or fight for some remnant of vegetable, bone or offal, which has fallen from one of the baskets. The dog, pig or child that gets the savory morsel, rushes off to enjoy it all alone in some quiet corner. The ragpickers sleep inside these dirty tenements on their own rubbish. Outside hang the skeletons of cats, the fleshless heads of dogs and foxes' tails—the smell of which alone is sufficient to make the hardiest recoil. How people can live in such filth is a problem. How the plague or the cholera does not break forth in their midst, when the warm season sets in, and sweep off every living soul in the place is inconceivable, especially when we know that these wretched creatures are sustained by nothing better than "vitriol" and "wormwood" brandy and wine at two cents a glass, which parches their throats and inflames their entrails.

The "City of the Sun" owes its name, not to its beautiful surroundings, therefore, but to the many huge sunflowers that grow about the place and in summer shed the glory of their golden rays over this heap of human misery. It has also been called "Little Mazas," because, we are told, the people who live there are the same as those to be found in the well known Paris prison of that name. Each inhabitant has either just left its hospitable walls or is about to return thither. Whenever a crime occurs in Paris, the police never fail to seek for the murderer out here; and the landlady of the *cite* is so well acquainted with the moral worth of her tenants that her house is night and day guarded by two mastiffs and barricaded by double doors with a peep hole in the outer one.

Nearly opposite is the Cite Saint Germain, which, with the Passage Fouquet and the Passage de la Fabrique, is tenanted by honest workmen from the neighboring factories. As we go by we may as well cast a glance at the Rue de Paris where, in 1880, a wine merchant named Schmitt was nearly murdered.

On a waste piece of land at the corner of the Avenue de Clichy, a whole gang of mountebanks, tinkers, basket sellers, organ grinders, monkey exhibitors, has taken up its quarters. I once knew an old fellow at this spot, who decked his donkey out in the garb of a troubadour and made the poor beast dance the *cachuca* while he played the accordion. The donkey died two years ago, and the old man soon followed his faithful companion into the grave.

Yonder is the Passage Trouillet, which recalls different criminal cases. At No. 3 in this alley, lived the famous *faiseuse d'anges* of Clichy, a "maker of angels" or females who practiced criminal abortion; she was condemned last year. Close by at No. 22, Rue de la Providence, lived George, who, March 17, 1877, crushed his mother's skull to pieces and beat her brains out with the heels of his boots. A little further off, in the Champ de Feves, or Bean Field, one Dubois, in July, 1888, murdered his daughter, aged 18, by knocking her on the head and then sawing her throat with a notched knife.

Our next stoppage along the "Route de la Revolte" will be at the famous Cite Foucault, formerly belonging to the *Femmes en culottes* or "women in breeches." It consists in a long double row of one-story hovels with a wooden balcony above. One hundred and ten lodgers, following various trades, are sheltered there. Of these fully eighty have had some trouble with the police. The name of the place often crops up in the newspapers, and quite lately they mentioned the arrest of six individuals belonging to the Cite for attempted burglary at the shop of Schmitt, the wine seller who was sick in bed from the effects of the murderous assault committed upon him. The Cite Foucault is, in fact, notorious in the annals of crime. I have only to quote the Lovigny case, the Bailon case, the Rhem case, etc.

A story highly typical of the place and its inhabitants is the following: One day a liveried coachman on his way to Neuilly, mistaking the road, turned his horse into this by street of hovels, and drove up some distance before discovering his blunder. At once the whole city turned out in amazement. They had never seen such a thing and the surprise was intense. At sight of the inhabitants, who looked more like Mexicans or Zulus than Parisians, the flunkey, terror stricken, took to his heels and fled, leaving his horse and equipage behind him. On second thoughts, however, he plucked up sufficient courage to return. On reaching his carriage, the man was horrified to find nothing of his horse remaining but the skeleton. The poor beast had been literally cut up alive and the flesh shared among them by the rascals of the cite. The bones alone remained and even these were being broken up for sale to the neighboring manufacturers of charcoal.

Mme. Foucault, the founder and landlady of these hovels, died in 1880. She had a regular beard like a man and was among the few Paris women to whom the police, for a small annual consideration, grant the privilege of wearing masculine attire. She bequeathed her property to the township of Clichy on condition that a hospital should be erected on the site. But the municipality has not yet taken over the legacy, and the property meanwhile is administered by a cousin of the "Woman in Breeches," Mme. Jasquet, a person of about 40 years of age, thin and delicate looking, but full of nerve, energy and pluck. Her rule over the tenants is despotic; she confronts them at all hours, even by night, and fearlessly demands her due, upbraiding as she does so, the hovel doors and windows of those who refuse to settle up the twelve or thirty cents she charges every week for the rent of her little shanties.

Nearly facing the Cite Foucault, on the other side of the road, at No. 112, is a large white house with the following sign post: *A la Grange-Tombeau des Lapins* (The Barn and the Rabbit's Tomb). A superb oil painting, five or six feet square, the masterly work of some Landara lost in the mazes of the ragpickers' quarter, is displayed above the shop door. In the foreground is depicted the house or "Barn," with an immense sauce pan outside the door. Near the culinary verse stands a priest, attended by a sacristan, a beadle with plumes in his cocked hat, choristers in surplices and mutes in black—all with rabbits' heads on their shoulders. These represent the officiating party. Far off in a landscape broadly depicted, with Montmartre, La Villette, Batignolles, Levallois, Saint-Ouen and Clichy for a background, appears an interminable procession of bunnies, the short tailed animals for which the stews of the "Barn" are reputed; they all come in double rank, as if attracted by some unknown power, towards the huge pan which is to be their "tomb." The "Barn" has a grand salon for wedding feasts and balls, a green arbors and bowers. The owner, M. Vilarc, is moreover, proprietor of two highly productive lanes such as I have already described, called Passages Simonneau and Bessiere. His tenants are all ragpickers.

As one may never have too many strings to one's bow, I may add that M. Vilarc's predecessor at the "Barn," a man named Perumier, married a woman of extraordinary size and stature, a giantess, weighing 450 pounds, who exhibited her charms in the fairs round Paris while her husband managed the shop and looked after the novels.

After the "Barn" the wayfarer meets with the Rue Deligny, where what is called Les Epinettes quarter begins. This is a series of streets and lanes with mostly ragpickers for lodgers, such as the Rue Deligny, the Passage Touzo, the Rue Aubois, the Impasse Josephine, the latter a blind alley. Twenty years ago the whole ground occupied by these buildings was covered with vines. Wooden shanties or hovels constructed with bricks, stray stones, picked up in every quarter of Paris, and mixed with rubbish of all sorts, mud and plaster, sardine boxes, etc., gradually appeared and crowded out the vineyards.

Two or three lanes like those we have repeatedly come across and tenanted by the irrepressible rag-pickers or such night-prowlers as, in lieu of rags, seek the belated traveler, still lie before us; but, when we have seen the Raffinerie Parisienne, whose quarrels are so frequent; the hotel of the Four Dasks, the docks of St. Ouen, the chateau and the four or five factories which skirt the road before reaching the entrance gates at Saint Denis, our exploration of this notorious Route de la Revolte will be at an end.

Let us therefore return to Paris by the Rue des Rosiers and cast a glance by the way at a piece of waste ground where in March, 1878, a youth of 15, Emile Paire, was bled to death like a lamb at 10 o'clock p. m. without a single soul rushing out to lend a succoring hand in answer to his long-heard cries for help and assistance. On reaching the Boulevard Ornano and as soon as the barrier is passed, we begin to breathe more freely.

The suburbs of Paris have lately had rather a bad reputation for the want of security against ruffians and thieves, and in several of them the police forces have been increased. In Levallois-Perret, however, through which extends the Route de la Revolte, the municipal council apparently considers the real danger is in having too many policemen, and has refused the grant which up to the present has paid the seven "agents" in the service of the commune. The criminal population of the neighborhood will no doubt be delighted to hear of the suppression of their natural enemies.

I may add, in conclusion, that the better class of inhabitants have vainly petitioned the city fathers to establish a police station, where a strong force would always be on hand half way down this boulevard, solitary road, in the center of those tortuous, dark, ill-lighted lanes and roadways, slums and rookeries and in the midst of the questionable population we have seen. The Clichy police superintendent, M. Desabre, one of the worthiest officers in the service of the prefecture, is unable to cope with so many miscreants. It was he who, in some old quarries near Paris single handed, one day arrested forty seven rogues and vagabonds, by cutting the buttons off their trousers, so that they had all to use their hands to prevent their nether garments from falling about their heels, and in this sorry plight could ill afford to run away. He risks his life daily at the Cite Foucault or Little Mazas; but what can one do where at least twenty are required?

An expurgatory is, of course, necessary in every great capital through which the scum of the population may ooze and filter. But why not establish a sanitary cordon round all such outlets, and set a close watch over its gangrened members.

GEORGES GRISON,
Of the Paris Figaro.

LAW AND MORALITY.

The Ninth Letter in the Series to Young Citizens.

There was published, about thirty years since, in New York, a little volume entitled, "Maxims of Washington."* Never was such a book so much needed as now, when public men, and even senators in congress, deride the great principles of religion and morality upon which the fathers of the republic based its constitution and established its legislation. "Morality," says the Father of his Country, "is the necessary spring of popular government," and he adds, emphatically, "Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion." He allows that men of education and of refined tastes may be found who profess a philosophical morality, and consistently maintain it; but he very clearly points out the truth illustrated by all history that, as few men are philosophers, and the masses are not influenced by refined tastes, the restraints and sanctions of pure religion are requisite to the individual, the family, and the state.

Indeed, the entire book may be said to enforce this principle, and to commend it to his countrymen as the only safeguard to that deference for law and that conscientious discharge of duty without which liberty begets license, and free institutions become the prey of faction and civil broils. The condition of the South American states, which have so signally failed, heretofore, in their attempt to establish such a republic as our own, not to speak of the successive failures of Mexico, may illustrate these maxims of Washington; for none can doubt that the immorality and irreligion of their populations are the secret of their disorders. It may be justly urged that the Bible alone, and a reverent acceptance of its moral code, have as yet been found sufficient to build up free states. An eloquent Frenchman once said to an immense assembly of his countrymen in Paris, and in my own hearing: "Why do we in France, with all our splendid capabilities in other respects, make so many unsuccessful attempts to imitate the Americans, and to found lasting institutions of freedom, civil and religious? Why cannot we, like our great rivals across the channel, build up and maintain the liberties we have so long coveted? The queen of England has said the secret of enlightened freedom in the old world and the new, is that they are based upon the scriptures, universally diffused and universally reverenced." The vast audience applauded, and seemed very deeply to feel his expression, while the orator added his fervent hope that he might live to see France, like England, "a land of the Bible."

A very grave matter, indeed, is the experiment which has recently become popular, of excluding the book of books from our public schools, and one fears that the maxims of Washington are too thoroughly imbued with Scripture to be long exempted from a like indignity. But if Americans are so degenerate as to scorn the counsels and to cast out the wisdom of their great founder, it is worth inquiring whether this little volume might not wisely be introduced into all our public schools, and, in short, commended to all instructors of youth throughout the land. But, far better, let the Bible be everywhere restored. Apart from its incomparable teachings of human brotherhood and of the love of one's neighbor, it is a book of which nobody can be ignorant, if only because it is the first classic of the English language. It came with our first colonists to the shores of Virginia and to the rock at Plymouth. It has been part of our history, and is associated with every memorial of the heroic lives and struggles of our ancestry. More than that, it is a living factor of our civilization, nor can our civilization long survive if it cease to hold its place. Kent and Webster, and the rulings of innumerable cases in our courts, have proved that the civilization which our laws have been created to maintain is Christian civilization, not indeed the Christianity of creed and theology, but the Christianity of our social life, our marriages, our family relations, our homes, our community of ideas in education, magistracy, the claims of humanity and the nature of justice. All people are welcome to share with us in these our institutions, and they are institutions which protect their rights and their equality with others before the laws of the land. But aliens are welcome to enjoy them, not to overthrow them. Hence, the alien is made a sharer in our privileges before he becomes a citizen, but he can only become a citizen by swearing to support the constitution, a Christian constitution, in so far as morals and civilization are concerned. In a celebrated trial on a charge of blasphemy, Chancellor Kent defined the relations of the Bible to our law as part of the law of the land. It is the recognized instrument of the law in giving its character to an oath. Men may be permitted to swear or affirm in other forms, but a Bible oath has peculiar dignity. Nobody, the great chancellor said, could regard an oath upon a book which it was no offense to the law to insult opprobriously, that is, to blaspheme, and his ruling has been generally accepted throughout the land. Washington not only laid his hand reverently upon the book when he took his oath as first president of the United States, but he gently repressed the effort of Livingston to raise it to his lips, in order that he might bow his head in giving it the ceremonial kiss.

Now, the constitution is law, but the "sessions laws" of the legislature are only legislation, which often fails to become law. To become law, it must be sustained by the moral sense of the people. That moral sense cannot preserve itself; it must rest on the knowledge of God, and of our moral duties as prescribed by Him, and for which He will hold His intelligent creatures accountable. The great Athenian orator told his countrymen that to enact laws was nothing, to make the people willing to obey and enforce them was the essence of law giving. If such is the power of the masses, surely in a democratic republic the masses must be identified with the spirit of law and order, or all is lost. They must be penetrated by a sense of accountability to the Judge of all, and a fundamental reverence of Him as the Great Law-giver, or the prime condition of permanent prosperity does not exist.

But let us have men qualified by reflection, at least, and by elementary education, to be our law-givers. It would be well if a new edition of Montesquieu's "Spirit of Law" might be published for American youth, and made a text book for the upper classes of our colleges. In a country where every young man may live to be a judge, a senator, or a member of the cabinet, if not governor or president; where every citizen may be summoned to act as a juror, where even exempt citizens, physicians, or clergymen may, at any time, be placed in positions where a knowledge of law and of laws will be of very great use to them, we must commend to all educated youth a study of law in its elements. And if Montesquieu could be prepared, annotated, and enriched by some able jurist, in the spirit of the American constitution and American history, we think it is very fault could beturned to good use by the overrulings of the editor; for then the young would be taught to read even authors of great repute with discrimination, and would be enabled to form opinions by the use of their own minds and morals, not yielding themselves blindly to any theorist or philosopher, however eminent in his day or popular in our own.

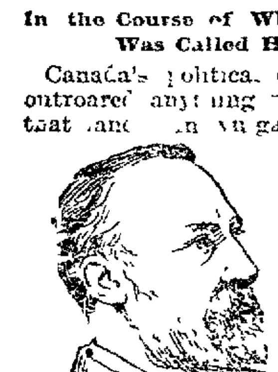
A. CLEVELAND COXE, D.D.,
Bishop of Western New York.

*Edited by the Rev. Dr. Schroeder, and published by the Appletons.

CANADA'S HOT CAMPAIGN.

In the Course of Which Editor Farrer Was Called Hard Names.

Canada's political campaign this year outroared anything previously known in that land in vulgar and vituperative eloquence the Conservatives, or "Tories," of the Dominion could give points to American politicians, and if the fervent appeals and tropical oratory of the Liberals, or "Grits," could be turned into equivalent units of material heat, they would



EDWARD FARRER.

melt all the snows this side of Hudson's Bay. Such phrases as "traitor," "Judas," "sneaking annexationist" and "vile barterer with the Yankees" were flung about as recklessly as corresponding terms were in the United States in 1872.

And what was it all about? Why, the "Grits" want reciprocity with the United States—unrestricted, or as near it as they can get—and are not unwilling to discuss annexation though not professing to favor it. The "Tories," led by the great Sir John Macdonald, established the protective policy in 1878, and have ruled the Dominion on that line ever since. Sir John showed extraordinary shrewdness by announcing a dissolution and going to the country on a new election for parliament just at the time when he could most attention [illegible] by producing proof [illegible] some of their leading men [illegible] Washington with proposals that the American politicians adopt measures tending to [illegible] annexation [illegible]

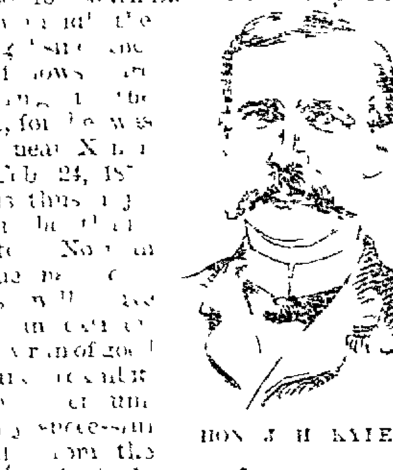
Editor Edward Farrer [illegible] Toronto, appears to [illegible] there be [illegible] Hon. R. [illegible] under the [illegible] with advantages [illegible] United States [illegible] tariff [illegible] the great [illegible]

Edward Farrer [illegible] was [illegible] is now [illegible] In his [illegible] work for papers of different [illegible] Canada [illegible] with [illegible] He was [illegible] between two [illegible] journal. One day the Liberal paper would [illegible] Sir John" with conclusive facts and figures; the next the administration journal would show that the man had no bearing. About the same time the organ of the Orangemen began to exhibit unusual interest, and pretty soon the Catholic [illegible] rejoined in such [illegible] admirably chosen arguments that its readers were charmed.

The secret leaked out, and there was first anger and then laughter, but Mr. Farrer, who had served as four editors at once, never lacked employment thereafter. To his honor it must be said that he never descends to scurrility and claptrap. His arguments on both sides were instructive. He writes French [illegible] is a valuable power in Canada, and is equally pure and elegant in both. He is seldom seen on the streets of Toronto, and most people take him for a professor [illegible]

South Dakota's New Senator.

J. H. Kyle, new [illegible] United States senator from South Dakota [illegible] of how [illegible] the young [illegible] who [illegible] coming [illegible] the front, for he was born near Xenia, O., Feb. 24, 1854, and is thus [illegible] senator. Not [illegible] gress [illegible] such [illegible] for a [illegible] form [illegible] in his [illegible]



HON. J. H. KYLE.

struggle and at the end of a contest unparalleled [illegible] the number of candidates was elected [illegible] the mere chance by a combination of the Democrats and Alliance men in the legislature.

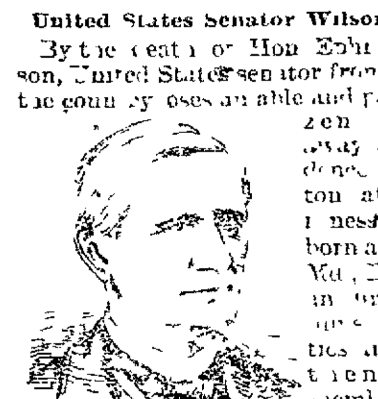
He was graduated from Oberlin college in 1878, and from the Western Theological seminary of Allegheny, Pa., in 1882. He served [illegible] pastor of the Congregational church in Salt Lake City, and in 1886 went to Dakota, where he is financial secretary of Yankton college. He was elected [illegible] state senate from Brown county as an independent, and advocates [illegible] free coinage of the American product of silver and the platform of the Dakota Farmers' Alliance.

The Law of Libel.

Judge McAdam of the New York superior court has rendered a decision which involves some important statements regarding the law of libel. He says, among other things: "Truth, irrespective of motives, is a complete justification to a civil action for a libel. * * * Any one has a right to comment on matters of public interest and general concern, provided he does so fairly and with an honest purpose. Such comments are not libelous, however severe in their terms, unless they are written maliciously."

United States Senator Wilson's Death.

By the death of Hon. Ephraim K. Wilson, United States senator from Maryland, the country loses an able and patriotic citizen. He passed away at his residence in Washington after a brief illness. He was born at Snow Hill, Md., Dec. 22, 1821, and first [illegible] with politics in 1847, being then elected a member of the house of delegates from Worcester



HON. E. K. WILSON.

county. He practiced law until 1867, when he retired. In 1872 he went to congress as a representative, and in 1878 he became judge of the first judicial circuit of Maryland. His service as a United States senator began in 1884, and only last January he was elected for a second term. His death was due to gastro intestinal catarrh.

The Longevity of Lawyers.

The legal profession seems to be conducive to long life. Seven [illegible] of the United States supreme court are old men. In England 12 out of the 35 superior judges are over 65, in Ireland 8 [illegible] 19, and in Scotland 3 out of 13. The [illegible] judicature of the United Kingdom is Lord Gifford, who is [illegible]

A WONDERFUL TRIP.

From Colorado Springs to Grand Junction in a Pullman Car.

Scenes and Incidents of a Journey Over the Midland.

What the "Rotary" Looks Like and How It Works.

Good reader, have you ever been over the Colorado Midland railroad? If not, your life in Colorado has been a failure. You may be in love with dear old Colorado, you may be able to write wonderful essays to the home folks away back east in Kansas, descriptive of the scenery, the resources and the climate, but you are ignorant of it all, for your education has been neglected. You must go immediately up over the Midland railroad to New Castle and then over the Rio Grande Junction railroad to Grand Junction, but you must go right away while the snow is on the mountain sides. It is a one trip, but you see more wonderful things than can be found in a trip of ten times the same distance in any place but Colorado.

Last Saturday evening a GAZETTE representative boarded the Santa Fe-Midland train which leaves this city at 9:30 for the west. He accompanied a little party composed of Passenger Agent Nye and Mr. E. W. Strevette, chief clerk to the general manager of the Midland, and Mrs. Strevette, and their avowed intention was "to meet Lawrence and see the snow plow work." The reader is too familiar with the scenery along the east end of the Colorado Midland to care for an attempted description of it at this time, although the moon shone bright and wonderful things could be written about the weird, mysterious beauty of the pass. The big engines cut a hole in the night like two monster leviathans belching fire and smoke and gradually dragged the train of three sleepers, a coach and mail car up the mountain sides. One sleeping car is just like another, be it on the Midland or where you please. So good porter, that mysterious man who secretes away your shoes and puts a 25 cents shine upon them whether you would or not, call me at Leadville. And, by the way, porter, put an extra shine upon those shoes for I expect to wade in snow when I arrive at Leadville. Soon the world is lost or we are lost to the world in peaceful sleep. Not quite, for once the train stops and there is some whistling and switching. The curtain to the window goes up and a scene of wondrous beauty meets the eye. We are on the mountain side, in a valley far beneath us twinkle the electric lights of a little city and in the background are mighty mountains covered with snow, fantastic in the bright moonlight. In our childhood, when seated around the open fire, we listened to the tales of the Arabian Nights and dreamed of such fairy scenes. Perhaps even now we are dreaming again here in our narrow sleeping bunk and where the air is particularly conducive to nightmares, but no, a vulgar little sign on the depot proclaims "Buena Vista." On to Leadville, never mind those dreadful sounds across the aisle. It is the passenger agent making up time lost in Pueblo the night before.

At 5 o'clock we are awakened. Leadville, the great mining camp is reached at last. Four weary people slowly dress themselves and climb out onto the platform at a long frame depot building. So this is Leadville at last. What wonderful things the name conjures. Somehow we always felt that we would see the wonderful city some day. When the writer was a youth of sixteen summers back in an eastern village many years ago, there came wonderful tales of great gold fields, of a magic city built in a day, of fortunes made and won in a night, of exciting life of a mining town. His youthful imagination was fired and he longed to participate, and would gladly have joined the procession of long, white wagons that left the town one day for Leadville. A too indulgent parent, who had been a '49er,' somewhat encouraged the delusion, but the boy never started. The years rolled around and at least eight of those past and gone have been spent in the shadow of Leadville—and at last he sees the goal of his desire. A city of low frame buildings, built close together and located in a basin surrounded by mountains, plenty of electric lights, a saloon sign and an all-night lunch counter across the way, and a light fall of snow just as we always have pictured it. This is Leadville as we see it. A hack driver speaks kindly to us, but we do not have time to catechise him on sociological questions nor to dissect his grammar. Rudyard Kipling would have come and written an accurate description of the social life of the city, but we can not. The ticket agent informs us that Superintendent Lawrence is due in Colorado City at 8 o'clock, having passed us on the road. Very well. We will go on over the mountains and see the snow, even if we do miss a ride on the snow plow which the accommodating superintendent would have given us. So good Conductor Madera, on, on, and let us not have so much switching here at Leadville.

Soon after leaving the camp of carbonates the Midland road skirts along an immense basin. It is the Lake Fork, and for miles one rides looking down a precipice. It is a dangerous place and if you have a little nerve tonic along it is just as well to take some at this point. Our little party fortunately had some along, but then there is no use in minding, for there has never been an accident and the greatest care is observed. A little care in railroading is sometimes a much better thing than a good place to fall on the open prairie. And now we are in the land of snow indeed. Everything is covered with it—the hillsides to the depth of three or four feet, and it has been gently falling ever since we left Leadville. At the end of the big basin is a little hamlet, its wooden shanties nearly buried in the immense drifts of snow. In spite of it, however, the place is quite lively with gangs of men at work. This is Busk at the eastern end of the great Ivanhoe tunnel being constructed by the Midland to pierce the continental divide. It is to cost over $2,000,000 and will not be completed for months and years to come. It is hard to understand how a railroad can find it justifying them to make such an expenditure for the sake of a little cut off. At Busk we meet the snow plow, and in royal state, heralded by two monster engines, snorting and shrieking we start up over the continental divide. Did ever monarch of old have such an escort as this to clear the way for him? Perhaps the reader has inspected a rotary snow plow, the writer has from the rear end of a Pullman, through a blinding snow storm. It is two locomotives pushing an immense iron box, in the front of which is the screw of an ocean steamer. This screw revolves and cuts the drifts into pieces, and the loose snow is thrown out of the way. It flies in perfect showers, ten, twenty and fifty feet in the air. Very little wind was blowing and the snow was not banking up very fast, so fast the plow went humming along and our train was little delayed. Just think of it. Four large locomotives to get a train of three sleepers, a day coach and a mail car over a little section of mountain—two on the snow plow, and two attached to the train. The cost of operating a snow plow is over $500 a day, and do you now wonder that $2,000,000 is being expended in tunneling the divide. When our wise legislators now assembled in Denver (unless they are at Golden or Boulder,) get to considering railroad matters, it is to be hoped they will bear these things in mind.

Now begins the most wonderful part of our ride, up over the divide. Our train is darting in and out, fairly doubling itself up at times, far above us and away below are the tracks; suddenly we dash over a great trestle at least a hundred feet high, built in a curve on a grade, then on and up to the Hagerman tunnel. This is the highest tunnel in the world and one of the most expensive to build, but its day of usefulness is nearly over. Then we dash into darkness, and finally emerge into great banks of snow as high as the top of the cars. It is wonderful, wonderful. Tommie Wigglesworth, you had your nerve with you when you came along with a corps of surveyors and declared that a railroad could be built here, but you did not have half the nerve of the men who followed and put up the stuff. In the very center of the Hagerman tunnel the top of the divide is reached so far as the railroad is concerned, and about half way through you feel the car drop as it starts down the grade. Yours truly did not feel the drop, but the good natured brakeman on the rear platform feels it every time he crosses. Now we are going down hill, and at a good rate, too. It is not half as dangerous as coming up, but a man feels more ticklish about it, especially when looking down into the head of the great Frying Pan basin, where Lake Ivanhoe lies, far, far below, seen through the tops of the pines. The train turns and goes down one gulch, then around a turn into another, down, down until finally it glides along the very edge of the water of the lake to the station of Ivanhoe. This is the western end of the new tunnel and presents much the appearance of Busk. At Ivanhoe our good guardian, the snow plow, leaves us and we keep on down the Frying Pan to Aspen Junction. Then we reach Glenwood Springs without incident; then on to New Castle, and all through the most magnificent scenery.

At Newcastle we are switched onto the Rio Grande Junction railroad, and after a run of seventy miles arrive at Grand Junction. This is a piece of road that very few of the GAZETTE'S readers have covered, but they are earnestly recommended to do so, and will find it will pay them. The track follows all the way down the Grand river, the roadbed is smooth and the run is quickly made. The scenery along the route is very pretty indeed. It lacks the thrilling interest of the Continental Divide, but to me high altitudes are never beautiful; they are too grandly impressive. It is lower down where you get the coloring, the changing scenes of mountain, river and vale, marching grandly by in kaleidoscopic array. Such are the scenes along the Rio Grande Junction until suddenly plunging out of the mountains into an immense valley. It is completely surrounded by mountain chains, blue and snow capped in the distance. About five miles from where we leave the hills a little city looms in sight. It is Grand Junction, the coming town of Colorado, with the most brilliant prospects and splendid location. It is not a pretty place just now but will grow, and even on this quiet Sunday afternoon gives evidence of its activity. There is only time for dinner and a glance about the town, and then we board the train for home. Soon after entering the mountains again, night comes on and we prepare to enjoy ourselves as best we can. The Colorado Midland is great in nearly everything, but not great in its opportunities for getting something to eat. All the dining stations on the line are closed but the one at Aspen Junction, and it is just as well not to say anything about that one—like a scandal. Meals on a buffet car are good, and you need not grumble if it does take them hours to get your supper. Patience is a much lauded virtue, and who ever heard of a buffet car cook taking over one order at a time. At 6:30 o'clock we go. a good supper, then a quiet smoke and a few good stories told by choice spirits and it is time for bed. In the midst of a splendid dream the porter cries, "Colorado City, you have only time to dress." Home at last, and in the clear, quiet morning the world is beautiful indeed. Good-bye, Passenger Agent Nye, good-bye Chief Clerk Strevette and Mrs. Strevette. We have had a pleasant time, but you will agree with me that in spite of the magnificent scenery through which we have passed, the garden spot of Colorado is the Fountain valley and in its midst, imperious on her throne, sits the queen of peace and beauty, Colorado Springs.

The Truant Strand.

'Twas only one wee wavelet
From some sweet woman's head,
A blonde and curling truant—
A strand of golden thread.

It lay athwart his shoulder,
Like bright silk finely spun,
In graceful curves it nestled,
And glinted in the sun.

Could of amber tresses,
And eyes of violet blue,
Lips like bow of Cupid,
And cheeks of rose hue.

Unconscious of its presence,
He wandered home to tea,
And there within the portal,
Stood [illegible]

With a [illegible] long,
[illegible] embrace,
[illegible] then feeling
A cloud [illegible] her face.

With woman's quick perception,
The tress had caught her sight—
Saw it for hers like blazes—
Her hair is black as night.
[illegible] in Drake's Magazine.

Jolly.

There are many people, old and young—as many who are old, perhaps, as young—who never stop to think of the words they are using; who, for instance, never examine their speech to see whether they are not employing one word over and over again in such a way as to make their friends weary of it, even if the word itself has no sense of being overworked.

The other day an actual conversation which was much like the following was heard on the street near a public school house:

"Say, Edith, my father gave me the jolliest sled you ever saw for Christmas."

"Oh, so did my uncle give me one! Mine's awfully jolly, I tell you! Been coasting on it?"

"Not yet, but they say there's jolly coasting down by the Falls."

"Oh, yes. Marian and Henry and the Williamses and all of us went down yesterday afternoon, and it's just the jolliest place, and here come Eleanor and Dick, and let's all go now! We'll have just the jolliest"——

"Oh, well, but if my mother don't know I'm going she'll be jolly angry about it."

"Well, I guess we'll go, but if you'd come too it would be lots jollier."

The young people disappeared, still talking, and how many times they used the word "jolly" before they separated it would be useless to try to conjecture.—Youth's Companion.

New Moons.

In former years the night watchmen of European towns, as they went their rounds, called out the hour and the state of the weather.

These watchmen were generally old men, whose infirmities, rather than their fitness, made them guardians of the night. Of one of them, a watchman of Canterbury, Cooper, the English artist, tells a story amusingly illustrative of the mental dullness of the class.

One night it had been raining between the hours of the old man's rounds, a fact of which he was ignorant, having snoozed, as usual, in his watch box. When he started on his next round the rain had ceased, and the light of the moon was reflected in many pools of water. As the old man went along he was heard to call out:

"Past 11 o'clock, a wet night and more moons than usual!"

When a Gentleman Seems Homeless.

Do you know when an elegant, polished gentleman seems like a tramp? It is when he allows the impression to go out that he has no place he can call home, or belonging to himself individually, by using club stationery for all of his correspondence. Something about it there is that smacks of snobbishness, poverty or secrecy more than of the dignity belonging to an exclusive or popular club. For a general address in the revolving of city life one's club is decidedly convenient, and there are certain notes and letters that have the correct air when topped by the club name, monogram or coat of arms, but when a man confines himself to the club stationery for his business letters, his formal and informal notes and all social letters it calls up that class of men who board at inferior hotels and slip around to well known high priced ones and help themselves to the paper that is left in the reading and writing rooms for the use of the guests.—Chicago Herald.

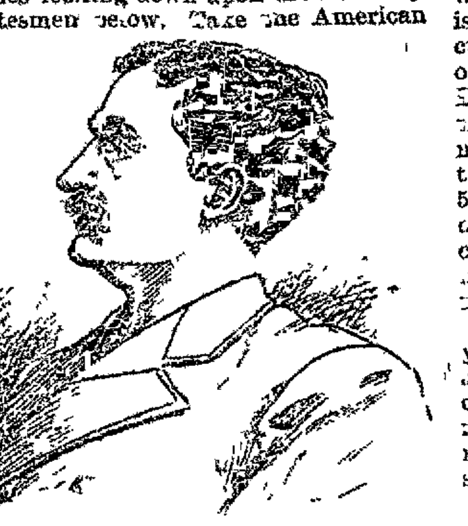
HANDSOME STATESMEN.

WHO ARE THE BEST LOOKING REPRESENTATIVES?

A Question in Which Many, Especially Among the Ladies, Are Greatly Interested, Answered with Illustrating Portraits by Mr. Robert Graves.

[Special Correspondence.]

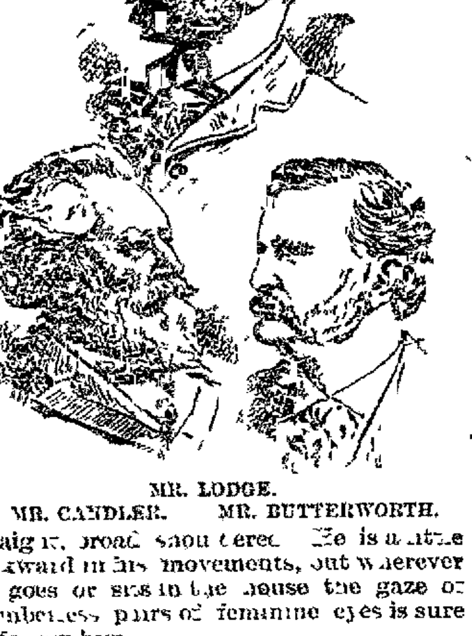
WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—Who are the ten handsomest men in the house of representatives? This query was put to me by one of the many bright and curious young women who are any day to be found in the galleries looking down upon the assembly of statesmen below. Take the American



MR. SHIVELY.

house of commons as a whole, and it is remarkable for the plainness, even the ugliness, of the persons composing it. Some of the homeliest men that walk the face of earth are members of the house, and not a few of these ugly ones are among the original and useful and influential men of the body. Lately there is no occult nor obvious relationship between beauty of face and statesmanship. Yet if a man be able and eloquent and influential, and handsome to boot, so much the better for him. A handsome, well dressed statesman is certainly preferable to an ugly, slovenly one, other things being equal; and the curiosity of the young woman heretofore mentioned is indicative of good taste, and her question one altogether worthy our attention.

The ten handsomest men in the house, then are Shively of Indiana, Gibson and Rusk of Maryland, Clements of Georgia, Lodge and Candler of Massachusetts, Fithian of Illinois, Butterworth of Ohio, Turner of New York, and Dolliver of Iowa. A year or two ago Mr. Gibson was generally accorded first prize in the show of beauty, but as the whilom beau of the house is growing old, and Shively, of Indiana, has succeeded to the throne. This gentleman, like all great beauties, male and female, is a subject of contention. There are critics who see nothing beyond the commonplace in Mr. Shively's face, while others, women especially, "rave" over him. Mr. Shively is indeed a remarkably handsome man. His head is that of a poet. Its poise and shape instantly attract the eye. His hair, abundant and wavy, is set back. His clean cut features are adorned by comely, cavalier mustachios. His eyes, large and dark, sharp and bright, yet full of depth, are as fine a pair of eyes as ever man carried in his head. Mr. Shively stands six feet and two inches,



MR. LODGE.
MR. CANDLER. MR. BUTTERWORTH.

straight, broad shouldered. He is a little awkward in his movements, but wherever he goes or sits in the house the gaze of numberless pairs of feminine eyes is sure to follow him.

Mr. Shively is blissfully unconscious of the attention which he attracts. He is one handsome man out of a thousand who gives little thought to his appearance. There is no more modest man in the house than he, none who works harder or is more serious or earnest in his efforts to deserve the confidence reposed in him by his constituents. He is not yet quite thirty-four, and has been five years in congress. On his first appearance here he was the youngest man in the house. He has been a school teacher, a lawyer, and is by profession a journalist. He is married.

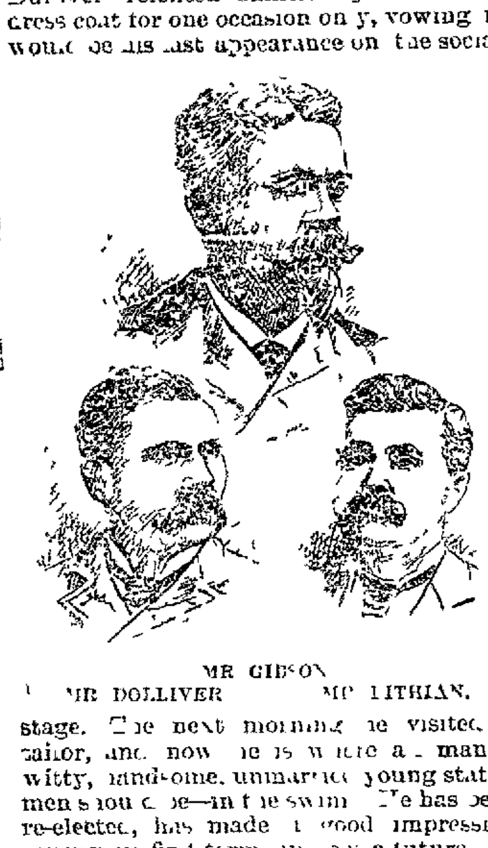
Mr. Gibson, of Maryland, is still a remarkably handsome man, despite his years. He does not give his age in The Congressional Directory, as most congressmen do, but he must be approaching fifty, as he was admitted to the bar twenty-seven years ago. He is tall, and has the finest figure to be seen on the floor of the house—a military figure, well attired, handsomely borne. His hair, mustachios and whiskers are iron gray, and he is a little stout. He is a gallant man among the ladies, a fine dancer, exceedingly popular. He has a reputation as a bon vivant, and has done more to popularize the expensive terrapin, the liking for which is an acquired taste better not acquired by men of moderate means, than any other man in public life. Mr. Gibson has been six years in congress, is attentive to his duties, and has made a good record. He will not be a member of the next house.

A very handsome man is Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts. He has a slender but sinewy figure, an intellectual, literary face, abundant brown hair and a perfect Van Dyke beard. His bearing is one of great dignity, though in hot weather he does not disdain russet shoes, flannel shirts, duck trousers and other rational comforts of the season which only brave men indulge. Some of the southern and western members unthinkingly call Mr. Lodge "a New England dude," but he is nothing of the sort. On the contrary, he is an athletic, manly man, aggressive in everything he undertakes, a fine horseman and a rising man. Mr. Lodge has been six years in the house, where he is one of the acknowledged leaders. He has his eye on a seat in the senate, and his friends say he will win it. He is 40 years old, very rich and has a charming daughter, who made her debut in Washington society this winter.

Lodge's colleague, Mr. Candler, is without doubt the handsomest of the elderly men in the house. Mr. Candler celebrated his sixty-third birthday a week ago, but he does not look a day more than fifty. He has a good figure, a fresh complexion, bright eyes, courtly manners, and is always attired with scrupulous neatness. His resemblance to Roscoe Conkling has been often remarked. Mr. Candler was not long since married to a beautiful woman much younger than himself. He is rich, has been re-elected, is making a fine reputation as chairman of the special committee on the World's fair, and should be, as he is, one of the happiest of men.

Another handsome man, now well along in years, is Ben Butterworth, of Cincinnati. His is not a face which the women in the gallery place in their lists of male beauties, but men generally say: "How handsome Ben is! What a fine face." The word "fine" has peculiar fitness here, for it is a face which shines with intellectual culture, wit, humor. Butterworth is without doubt the first orator of the house, and Democrats and Republicans alike regret that he is going out of public life. He is not only one of the handsomest but one of the most popular congressmen. His age is 53, and he has a number of grown sons and daughters. After serving ten years in congress he voluntarily retires to devote himself to the World's fair and to his profession of patent law.

Jonathan Dolliver, of Iowa, is one of the youngest men in the house, being only 33, and one whom the ladies who have been consulted in the preparation of this letter insist upon including in our list of ten immortals. Mr. Dolliver is not very handsome except when he talks, and then his face glows with animation and expression, his eyes twinkle, smiles play hide and seek under his drooping mustachios, and these attractions, combined with his wit and eloquence, have made him exceedingly popular. When Mr. Dolliver came from the back counties of Iowa two years ago he was an awkward youth, full of party zeal and personal ambition, and a chafing critic of fashionable society. In two months Mr. Dolliver relented sufficiently to hire a dress coat for one occasion only, vowing it would be his last appearance on the social



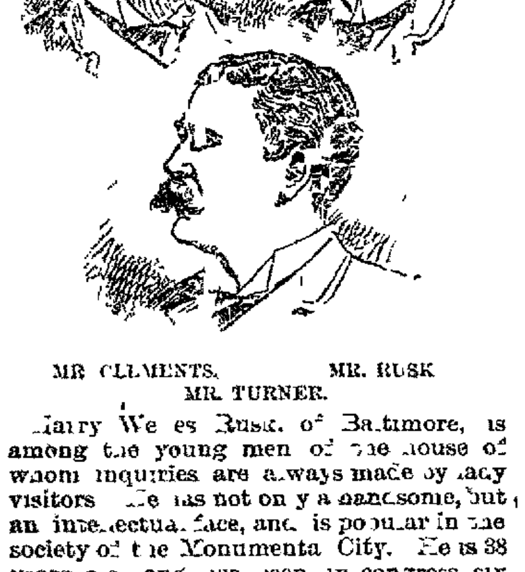
MR. GIBSON.
MR. DOLLIVER. MR. FITHIAN.

stage. The next morning he visited a tailor, and now he is where all manly, witty, handsome, unmarried young statesmen should be—in the swim. He has been re-elected, has made a good impression during his first term, and has a future.

Four years ago a guard on the Sixth avenue elevated trains often excited comment among his fair passengers by his handsome face, dark hair, bright eyes, bonnie complexion, perfect figure and graceful manners. Later the young possessor of these attractions drove an ice wagon through the streets of fashionable up town New York, and no doubt was furtively peeped at from behind lace curtains by my lady up stairs as well as boldly stared at by the servants who superintended the storing away of the ice. Now this handsome young fellow, known to fame as "Turner, the iceman," is a dignified, useful and promising member of congress. He is as handsome as ever, popular in society, and has made two or three very good speeches—a pretty good record, the reader will agree, for a young man who has not yet turned thirty.

Mr. Fithian, of Illinois, is a handsome young giant, swarthy, black haired, with eyes which a woman might envy him the possession of. He is 30 years old, unmarried, unacquainted with society, a hard working, serious minded man who has been re-elected and will make his mark.

Clements, of Georgia, is a type of the dark, handsome, graceful men who come out of the south and charm us all, men and women alike, with their gracious manner and cheerful friendliness. Mr. Clements is 45 years old, athletic, married, and has been ten years in congress.



MR. CLEMENTS. MR. RUSK.
MR. TURNER.

Harry Welles Rusk, of Baltimore, is among the young men of the house of whom inquiries are always made by lady visitors. He has not only a handsome, but an intellectual face, and is popular in the society of the Monumental City. He is 38 years old, and has been in congress six years.

ROBERT GRAVES.

The Commercial Instinct Developed.

A tourist who visited Alaska recently declares that his reception at the coast towns of that territory brought to mind recollections of previous sojourns at more civilized watering places. He mentions among others the Thlinket Indians of Wrangell, who spend much time watching for the steamer. When they see its smoke in the distance they at once convert their houses into shops, where they offer for sale all sorts of curiosities manufactured for the purpose of coaxing coin from the pockets of travelers.

Will He Become an African?

Can a man change his skin? To this question the doctors of Reading, Pa., hope to give answer at an early date. One of their number has grafted the skin of a negro on the body of a white invalid. The local faculty is divided as to whether the man will become black or the patch grow white. The probability is that the graft will retain its original hue and exercise no influence on the surrounding epidermis.

A BEWILDERING TASK.

IT IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO KEEP POSTED ON SPRING FASHIONS.

Olive Harper Writes of the Great Variety in Dresses, Wraps and Other Spring Goods That Will Soon Delight the Ladies Throughout the Land.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, March 5.—It is almost enough to bewilder one to try and keep track of the new spring dresses, wraps and goods that will so soon be made up into lovely garments. Every day brings out something new that is so much prettier than the last that it is no wonder that women have to spend half their time in shopping so as to know what they really do want.

It has been a standing reproach to fashion writers that they will not look at or mention any material that does



BATISTE AND SATEEN GOWNS.

not cost at least $3 a yard, and so this letter shall be about the really pretty and durable goods that can be purchased at very moderate prices.

I give with this three cotton gowns. One is of fine gobelin batiste, made just as it would be of the richest goods. The waist is gathered at the middle of the back and front, and a high collar sets up at the wearer's neck. The front is laid in four deep plaits and the sides fitted over the hips, while the fullness of the demi-train is laid in flat plaiting. Such gowns can be laundered, but they can also be worn in the season without it by any reasonably neat person. The dressy gown on the adjoining figure is of almond brown sateen, with pale pink flowers. The panel and vest are of dark brown sateen. The style of making can be judged by looking at the picture. To make a dress of this style it requires ten to eleven yards in all of sateen, percale or gingham, for all of which it is well adapted.

The pretty princess gown is made of plain pale blue chambray, trimmed simply with three rows of narrow soutache braid. It buttons from the shoulder down, and has a close row of buttons all the way down to the bottom of the skirt. This style is suitable only for young girls or very young matrons, and it could be reproduced in cashmere or any other material, and is particularly adapted to a tailor made gown. One of the lovely new French broadcloths would be beautiful made in this style. They cost from $1.50 to $3 per yard, fifty-four inches wide. Five and a half yards of broadcloth would be sufficient for this mode.

The India silks come next in cheapness and beauty. They can be purchased as low as fifty cents in good quality, and they make very dressy gowns, requiring very little trimming. The sharp-eyed bargain hunter can watch her chances of "bargain days" and "bankrupt" sales, which latter have become very frequent lately, and can often pick up lovely India silks and Bengalines at thirty-five cents a yard even. The picture given will show a pretty style for such a gown. The skirt is quite plain, with a wide ruffle. The waist and sleeves are plain, the only ornament being a fall of oriental lace. The wash surahs, made so popular last season, cost from 50 cents to $1 per yard, but they are certainly worth three times as much as China or India silk, besides being a yard wide.



CHINA FAILLE AND ALMOND CLOTH COSTUMES.

The fashionable color is a sort of light brown called almond, just the color of an almond shell. It combines or contrasts with almost every color known, and is found in every material. A very handsome tailor made suit of it I give here. The skirt is quite plain, with two deep box plaits in the back. The basque has a pointed belt made of moire velvet, and capes shoulder caps which simulate a cape. There is a very narrow border of beaver fur up the opening of the waist, and a high collar, which can also be worn down if preferred.

The secret of making a tailor gown is to have every seam pressed flat as fast as it is sewn, and the finish of every part done in the neatest possible way—every corner exact and every line perfect. It is quite possible for a neat sewer, with the aid of the patterns now obtainable, to make a stylish tailor gown.

OLIVE HARPER.

TO SPEND $60,000.

Additional Power for the Colorado Springs Rapid Transit Railway Company.

The business done by the Colorado Springs Rapid Transit company has been from the very start very largely in excess of what the managers anticipated, so the present power has proven to be inadequate to the demands of the system. The travel next summer on the Broadmoor line will probably be larger than ever on account of the additional attractions. The Manitou line did not run at all until cold weather last year so an enormous increase of travel will come with warmer weather. With the present power, the Manitou line is sometimes stalled when two or three heavily loaded cars try to start up hill at the same time.

All these things made an immediate increase at the power house necessary, and work will be commenced at once. The boiler room will be extended to the rear toward the car house, and three tubular boilers, 36 inches by 16 feet, will be put in. These will be fitted with the Murphy stoker. The power house proper will be doubled in size by an addition on the north side, and a Frick-Corliss engine will be put in. This will have a cylinder 24 inches in diameter, 48 inches stroke, and will have 300 horse power. The fly wheel will weigh 30 tons, six tons heavier than the usual weight for this horse power. This additional weight is to make the engine run smoothly in spite of the unevenness of strain caused by cars starting and stopping. The four dynamos now in use will be replaced by three new ones weighing over 17 tons each, and having a strength each of 150,000 kilowatts, or an aggregate of (approximately) 600 horse power.

It is hoped that the work will be completed by May 1, and it will be so managed that there will be no stopping of the operation of the road, but when everything is in readiness the six hours during which cars are not running will suffice for the change in the system. The boilers and engines will be so arranged that any one of them may be used or cut out at will. The change will increase the capacity of the plant about 120 per cent and will cost very nearly $60,000.

The contract for providing and setting up the new engines, boilers, countershaft and connections was let Monday night jointly to Messrs. E. S. Bumstead and company of this city and Messrs. English, Morse and company of Kansas City. The latter firm will furnish the material and the Colorado Springs house will put it in. Messrs. English, Morse and company is a firm composed of young men who are rustlers. They have furnished nearly all the large engines and boilers in use in this city including those of the GAZETTE, and Bumstead and company have put in most of these. Mr. Morse has been in the city for the past twelve days, but left Wednesday for home to see about getting the material ready. He is a very fine draughtsman and has prepared a very complete plan of the new machinery, and his thorough acquaintance with all the details of the business is partly what secured the contract. Mr. Bumstead's quality of work is well known to all his patrons, and although the setting up of machinery is somewhat of a new line to him, there is no doubt that the work will be well done.

A Pretty Entertainment.

Miss Effie Hext has a talent for arranging pretty and unique entertainments, but the "Evening in Ancient Greece," given at the opera house last evening, quite excelled anything that she has heretofore attempted. The audience which gathered to witness the performance quite filled the lower portion of the opera house, and thoroughly appreciated the entertainment. The first and last portions of the performance consisted of tableaux representing scenes from Grecian mythology. The groupings were artistic and the posings natural, while the participants were handsome misses and shapely young men. At the end of the first part Miss Hext gave posing in forty different attitudes, representing the passions. They were gracefully and exactly done to music, according to Delsarte methods. The second part was called a "Dream of Ancient Greece," and seven young ladies in white gave posings, and a tableau representing statuary, was a pretty feature. The last representation, "Medea," was the crowning piece of the evening.

The young people who participated were as follows:

Nymphs and Goddesses—Misses Crissey, McGovney, White, Chapman, Reed, Ross, Seville, Hosick, Bumstead, Spicer, Lamb, Hoagland, Blake, Scott, Dudley, Hattie Crissey, Carter, Ritchie, Rowell, Belcher and Bain.

Statuary—Misses McNew, Gard, Lillie Gard, Benjamin, Bond, Mrs. Quereau.

Gods—Messrs. Stedman, Parsons, Hoagland, Barney and Frank Lawton.

A very neat sum was netted for the Baptist church building fund.

Mr. C. J. Lantry, of Topeka, Kan., of the well-known firm of contractors, is a late arrival in the city. This firm is one of the bidders on the work of building the jetties for deepening the water at Galveston, Texas., the bids for which will be opened on the 31st. The first set of bids put in were rejected. There are two islands at Galveston, on one of which the city is situated and about which the water flows. It is proposed to build two trestles into the ocean from the end of the island, extending for eight miles, but gradually converging until forming a sort of funnel. Underneath the trestles will be piled rock until the whole is firm and solid. It is then thought the currents will carry away the debris and sand until a deep harbor will be made. Lantry & Sons are bidding upon the rock work and road bed of this work.

The preliminary hearing of B. A. Joiner on the charge of obtaining money on false pretenses was held before Justice Farrar Wednesday afternoon. C. E. Adams represented the state and J. E. Lewis the defendant. The case attracted a great deal of attention and the court room was filled with witnesses. Joiner attempted to prove that he was authorized to sell the lots which he disposed of but the prosecution showed that while he was empowered to sell some lots the power was not general. The defense also tried to show that Joiner was the victim of a conspiracy on the part of certain contractors. Justice Farrar finally decided to bind the defendant over and fixed the bail at $200 which was furnished.

It is stated that one of the most exciting races ever run in the city will occur at Perry Johnson's track on April 2. The horses matched are Belvidere, Jr., owned by Thomas Gough and Virgil C., owned by Perry Johnson, and the match is for $200 a side. The winner must beat three heats in five. The colts are two years old, Virgil C. being sired by Wm. Miller's fine horse, Dr. M. This race is to be for blood.

Marshal G. Newman, P. J. Bernard and Alexander McGough have filed with the recorder a certificate of incorporation of the "Little Giant Land and Investment company." The objects are as is usually stated by such companies, to buy, sell and deal in land, notes, etc. The capital stock is $25,000, divided into 2500 shares of $10 each. The principal offices are to be in this city and the incorporators are among the leading colored men of the city.

Messrs. S. P. Maderia, Sam Altman and A. L. Hunter opened the "Vivian" billiard hall last night at 115 Pike's Peak avenue, on the ground floor of the building lately occupied by Lennox's furniture store. The room has been handsomely papered and decorated, the floor oiled and polished and five billiard and four pool tables put in. The tables and all the appointments are first-class, and the popular proprietors may expect a steady patronage. The hall is 125 by 25 feet, well lighted and heated and is the second largest in the state.

The lecture on "Crystalization" which Professor Cajori could not give last Friday, owing to a lack of sunshine, may be expected to-day. It bids fair to be the most interesting one in the course. The alternate lecture, to be given if the sunlight fails, is on sound. Large tuning forks, singing tubes, manometric flames, Lissajou's figures, and the siren will be used in this lecture when given. It may be looked for next week.

William Perry died in Denver on Tuesday of alcoholism. He was found insensible on the streets and taken to a hospital where he died. It will be remembered that Perry was the driver of one of the El Paso Livery company's hacks about one year ago, and ran over and killed a stone mason on the Manitou road, while bringing a party of young people to this city.

At 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon Mr. Charles Wilbur and Miss Effie Berry were married at the Revere house, Manitou, Rev. A. O. Downes officiating. Immediately after the ceremony the couple left for an extended trip through the east. Mr. Wilbur is a rising young man of Manitou, and is engaged in the jewelry business.

Emery P. Moon, of Husted, has furnished the following record of the weather for the week ending March 11, 1891: Highest temperature, 52° on the 9th and 10th; lowest temperature, 5° on the 7th; weekly mean temperature, 22.97°. Direction of the wind: North three days, south two days, west one day, west to north one day.

Judge Colburn has a new method of breaking colts, devised by one of his employes. He has a light sulky with a double harness arrangement. The colt is hitched with an old and steady horse and is made to do all the pulling, while the old horse keeps him down in case of fretfulness or plunging.

Word was received in the city Wednesday announcing the death of Mr. Hugh Dickey, which occurred at New York. The gentleman left this city some ten days ago in failing health.

The Odd Fellows of Glenwood will celebrate on the 27th and a number from Pike's Peak lodge will attend. Dr. Horn, grand master of the state, will read a paper on "The Progress of the Order."

Judge Severy, of the county court, Wednesday granted a divorce to Mary A. Davis from Alfred F. Davis.

Duncan, Morford & Co., have the contract for refitting the old GAZETTE building for Whitcomb & Gordon.

Hoyt's latest, "A Texas Steer," will be produced for the first time in our city at the opera house next Monday evening. A Denver exchange says: "The Tabor Grand was crowded again last evening, and 'A Texas Steer' was apparently as hugely enjoyed as on the night previous. The comedy went with a rush. Mr. Hoyt was again called for and a speech insisted on. He replied in a happy vein. 'A Texas Steer' is another winner from the pen of Mr. Hoyt. The company presenting it is a very efficient one, and Mr. Tim Murphy has a genuine character creation in Brander. Miss Flora Walsh is afforded excellent opportunity."

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

Stumbling Blocks in Its Pathway—A Hopeful View.

Special Correspondence.

CHICAGO, March 10.—If the duration of the World's Columbian exposition were to be measured by the obstacles and troubles against which its promoters have had to contend as well as to overcome, its doors would be kept open for six years rather than six months. A bare half of a calendar year would seem to be a very short space of time for the official existence of an enterprise that has had to fight its way inch by inch for very life. If the prince consort and his committee had encountered a tithe of the rocks that have beset the path of the World's fair directory, even such a giant among consorts as was that illustrious man would probably have given up the task in despair.

One of the most prominent workers in the cause of the centennial in 1876, a man who had made his mark in the national legislature, the head and front of one of the largest iron establishments in the world, and the possessor of a good sized fortune to boot, died of a mental complaint which, as he himself told the writer not many months before he passed away, was superinduced by the arduous character of his labors during the existence of the exposition and the two years of preparation that preceded it. Yet neither himself nor his colleagues had to contend against one-tithe of the obstacles, the opposition and the handicapping that month after month has loomed up in the way of the national and local authorities who are responsible for the success or non-success of the event upon which the United States has put the stamp of an official sanction.

To begin with, there was the stubborn and determined fight that was made in both branches of congress before a location was finally decided upon. Then for months there was what promised to be an interminable warfare between the various geographical divisions of the city as to which of them should carry off the prize in the matter of a site. The south side won the day, and then when, in answer to a popular demand, it was decided to locate some of the most important buildings upon the Lake Front, the property owners in that region jumped into the arena, claimed that their rights were being infringed, and threatened to invoke legislation without limit to prevent the plans of the directory being carried out. Certain necessary municipal legislation was required from the city council, but of course, in order to be in fashion, the aldermen, or a goodly proportion of them at least, had to be obstreperous, and the directors were compelled to almost literally go down on their hands and knees in order to secure a recognition of their moderate requirements.

Almost the same experience was repeated in the legislature of the state. All this time a hullabaloo was being created abroad, regarding the dire influence that the passage of the McKinley bill would have upon would-be exhibitors, while the foreign press was deluged from interested sources with articles inimical to the United States, the city of Chicago and the fair in particular. When finally contracts were let for the preparation of the grounds in Jackson park, and the first shoveful of earth had been turned, organized, or rather disorganized, labor stepped in and drove the Italian laborers pell mell from the field. Once more rising serene in the midst of its difficulties, the directory amended its contracts by providing that no show should be given to alien labor.

On the top of this the eight hour question cropped up, and during the past few days a special committee of the state senate has been sitting in this city investigating the pulse of the directory on the question of organized labor in general and its relations to the eight hour law in particular. Meanwhile several thousand of subscribers to the stock became delinquent, and the process of justices' and circuit courts had to be threatened, and in some cases invoked, in order to bring the delinquents to time. Then, as a finale, comes the action of the late congress in practically depriving the preliminary management of funds and making it necessary for ninetenths of the staff of the national commission to be laid off indefinitely.

All this will make interesting reading after the doors have been closed and the final reports of the enterprise have been written. There was an old business man in Philadelphia back in the seventies who used to head his advertisements with the startling caption, "Betrayed, but not dismayed." Nobody ever found out who betrayed him or what for, but his heading was so successful in keeping his advertisement before the public that he lived to become the possessor of a comfortable fortune. So with the World's fair management. It has been betrayed almost on every hand, but it is not dismayed. Its troubles only serve to inspire it with additional determination to make the work it has before it the greatest and grandest of its kind that the world has ever seen. Money will be found to carry on the work of the national commission as it should be carried on, even if the private purse strings of patriots have to be unloosened.

The local directory is doing its share, as witness the constant accessions to the staff of the department of promotion and publicity, the tons of printed matter that are weekly being sent out all over the world and the immense amount of correspondence that is being conducted with prominent people in every quarter of the globe. Meanwhile tokens of encouragement are pouring in. Patriotic men and women in every state, imbued with a laudable pride of country, are working with might and main to stiffen the backbone of the management. There are a good many rocks still in the way, others may turn up where they are least expected, but there is bone and sinew enough yet remaining to push them aside.

HENRY M. HUNT.

Unexpected.

Young Housekeeper (to butcher)—You may send up that bag of ham, and—er—how is your liver this morning?

Butcher—First rate, mum. I been takin' Saratogy Wichy for a month.—The Epoch.

A Poet's Epigraph.

He wrote a verse on spring one morn,
Received a check before the night:
The jury, being duly sworn,
Declared that he had died of fright.
—Puck.

Ingenious Ideas Intelligently
Introduced Immediately
Interest Individuals.

Item 1. Spring Summer Suits.

Item 2. Nice, New, Nobby Garments.

Warranted to Wear and Give Satisfaction.

PERKINS & HOLBROOK,

28 Pike's Peak Ave. 8 N. Tejon Street.

LOCAL MARKET REPORT.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO., March 12, 1891.

GROCERIES.		
Flour, per cwt	$2 45	@2 75
Graham, per cwt	2 20	@2 75
Corn Meal, per cwt	1 75	@2 00
Cheese, cream, per lb	12	@ 20
Cheese, Swiss, imported per lb	25	@ 35
Cheese, Swiss domestic, per lb	18	@ 25
Eggs, state, per doz	18	@ 20
Eggs, ranch, per doz	22	@ 25
Butter, dairy rolls, per lb	18	@ 20
Butter, tub, per pound	16	@ 18
Butter, creamery, per lb	28	@ 32
Butter, ranch, per lb	25	@ 30
Sugar, per cwt	7 50	@7 75
Lard, per lb	8¼@10	
VEGETABLES.		
Potatoes, per cwt	1 60@2 00	
Cabbage, per cwt	2 75@4 00	
Turnips, per cwt	1 50@2 50	
Rutabagas, per cwt	1 25@2 00	
Onions, per cwt	3 50@4 50	
Squash	1 50@3 00	
Celery, per stalk	5@	10
Spinach, per pound		25
Salsify, per bunch		10
Parsley, per bunch		5
Lettuce, each 5c; per doz		40
MEATS.		
Beef—Porterhouse steak, per lb	20	
Loin	18	
Round		12½
Shoulder	8	@ 10
Rib roasts	10	@ 18
Mutton—Chops		20
Legs		15
Stew	3	@ 6
Veal—Cutlet		20
Loins, roasts and chops		20
Shoulder		15
Stew	10	@12½
Pork—Chops and roasts		12½
Turkeys, per lb	22	@25
Chickens, per lb	15	@20
Ducks, per lb	18	@20
Geese, per lb		20
Oysters, per qt	40	@60
GAME.		
Quail, each 30c, per doz		3 00
Prairie chickens, each	65	@75
Rabbits, each		20
FEED.		
Oats, per cwt		2 00
Corn, per cwt		1 35
Corn Chop, per cwt		1 40
Bran, Colo., per cwt		1 40
Bran, eastern, per cwt		1 30
Wheat		1 75
Hay, Colorado, per ton	17 00@20 00	
Hay, Nebraska, per ton		14 00
Alfalfa, per ton		13 50
Straw, per ton		9 00

BUSINESS LOCALS.

☞ Ten cents per line for first insertion; five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Advertisements to go in every other day, or on certain days of the week ten cents per line for each insertion.

DIAMONDS, and Spectacles at Ashby's.

Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, for sale, for rent and repair, at Aiken's. k-18-tf

STRAYED.

STRAYED—Small sized black mare branded faint A on left hip, high up. Finder return to Seldomridge & Pebbles, Colorado Springs, and receive reward. wc-14-3

The Only Thing Now Used by Fashionable Women

To perpetuate a beautiful complexion is Wisdom's famous Robertine, which is as harmless as the morning dew, as subtle in its action as the magic's wand and as invisible—save the bloom and delicacy it gives to the cheek—as the air we breathe. Read the testimonials from famous artists, celebrated chemists and eminent physicians. Sold by all druggists in Colorado Springs.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Homer D. Fisher, deceased.

The undersigned having been appointed administratrix, with the will annexed, of the estate of Homer D. Fisher, late of the county of El Paso, in the state of Colorado, deceased, hereby gives notice that she will appear before the County court of said El Paso county, at the court house in Colorado Springs, in said county, at the May term, 189 , on the last Monday in May next. At which time all persons having claims against said estate are notified and requested to attend for the purpose of having the same adjusted. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

Dated at Colorado Springs, Colorado, this 7th day of March, A. D., 1891.

JULIA A. FISHER,
Administratrix with the will annexed.
wc-14-6

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE AT PUEBLO, COLO., February 14, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and to commute the same to a cash entry, and that said proof will be made before clerk of the District Court in and for El Paso county, at Colorado Springs, on March 30, 1891, at 9 a. m., viz: Harry O. D. McCauley, H. E. No. 6,4.5, for the n ½ nw qr, se qr nw qr sec 29, and ne qr ne qr sec 30, tp 18, s r 66 w.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: A. R. Kiefer, Charles W. T. S. Neff, Alexander O. Ferguson, Charles A. Campbell, all of Colorado Springs, El Paso county, Colo.

T. E. BALDWIN,
wb-2-6 Register.

LEWIS E. SHERMAN,
[illegible]

Will practice before any Land office and the Pension Department. Contests and difficult cases a specialty.

[illegible] Pike's Peak Ave., Colorado Springs.
m-18-y

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a certain writ of execution, fi. fa., issued out of the clerk's office of the district court of El Paso county and state of Colorado, and to me directed, whereby I am commanded to make the sum of four hundred nine and 43-100 dollars. ($409 43) and costs of suit the amount of a certain judgment recently obtained against The Colorado College Land Company in favor of Walter M. Hatch, out of the lands, tenements, goods and chattels of The Colorado College Land Company, I have levied on the following property, to wit: Lots numbered 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 55 and 56 in Sweet's subdivision of that part of block numbered 261, in the first addition to the city of Colorado Springs, which lies east of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway Company's right of way, situate in the county of El Paso and state of Colorado.

Therefore, according to said command, I shall expose for sale, at public auction, all the right, title and interest of the above named The Colorado College Land Company, in and to the above described property, on Monday, the 6th day of April, 1891, at 11 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the court house, in Colorado Springs, El Paso county, Colorado.

Dated at Colorado Springs, this 12th day of March, 1891.

LEONARD JACKSON,
Sheriff of El Paso County.

By A. B. BRISBIN, Under-Sheriff.

Date of first publication, March 14, 1891.
wc-14-4

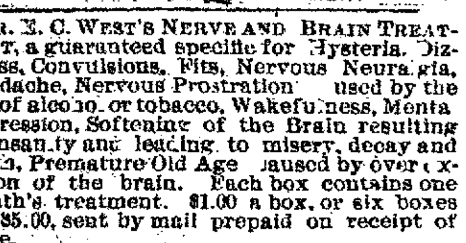
BLACK MAGIC IS QUITE DISTINCT from science. To find hidden treasure, or locate mines, the only scientific device known is the GOLD MAGNET. Combines electricity, Magnetism and chemical affinity, and attracts gold and silver as an ordinary magnet does iron. Address: A. W. OHELLIS & CO., Lock Box 80, Truckee, Nevada County, Cal. 1-16-6m

M. CONWAY,
Manufacturer and Dealer in Ladies' and Gents' Fine
Boots and Shoes
Call and examine Goods and get prices.
27tf [illegible] Pike's Peak A

There settled in Baker county, Oregon, near what is now Baker City, a QUARTER OF A CENTURY AGO a man who has since become identified with the resources and development of that county. This man is no other than Mr. John Stewart, one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens in the county. In a recent letter he says: "I had been suffering from pains in my back and general kidney complaint for some time, and had used many remedies without any but temporary relief. The pains in my back had become so severe that I was prevented from attending to my work and could not move about without the use of a cane. Hearing, through a friend, of the wonderful cures effected by Oregon Kidney Tea, I was induced to try a box, and from that very first dose I found instant relief, and before using half the contents of the box the pains in my back entirely disappeared. I have every faith in the virtues of the Oregon Kidney Tea, and can conscientiously recommend it to my friends. I would not be without it for anything."

Oregon Kidney Tea cures backache, incontinence of urine, brick dust sediment, burning or painful sensation while urinating, and all affections of the kidney or urinary organs of either sex.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.



DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age caused by over-exertion of the brain. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by

[illegible]
Sole Agent, No. 8 S. Tejon Street,
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.
h-24-eod-ly

$500 Reward!

WE will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cents. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by THE JOHN C. WEST COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

SOLD BY G. B. STORER.

[illegible]

—ALL KINDS OF—

Shelf and Heavy

HARDWARE.

BLACKSMITHS' & MECHANICS' TOOLS.

Studebaker Wagons.

[illegible]

17 SOUTH TEJON STREET,
COLORADO SPRINGS.
wc-lf

NOTICE.

Stockholders Annual Meeting of the Colorado Coal and Iron Company.

To the Stockholders of the Colorado Coal and Iron Company, and to whom it may concern:

Notice is hereby given of the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Colorado Coal and Iron company, to be held at Antlers hotel in the city of Colorado Springs, state of Colorado, at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, of Monday, the 6th day of April, A. D. 1891, for the election of its directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other and further business as may properly come before said meeting, with the right of adjournment as provided by the by-laws of said company. That the transfer books of the company for the transfer of the stock thereof will be closed at least fifteen days prior to the said date of meeting and remain closed at least three days after the final adjournment thereof.

That in accordance with a resolution adopted by the board of directors at a meeting thereof duly convened, a special meeting of the stockholders of said company, will be held at the same place, city and state, at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m., of said Monday, the 6th day of April, A. D. 1891, for the purpose of submitting to a vote of the stockholders the question of amending the certificate of incorporation, so as to change the place of the principal office and the place of meetings of the stockholders of said company from the city of Colorado Springs, state of Colorado, and to the city of Pueblo, said state of Colorado, as expressed by the said resolution.

E. J. BERWIND, President.

Attest: THOS. E. E. CURTIS, Secretary.

Dated March 2nd, 1891. w-c-7-4.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF COLORADO, COUNTY OF EL PASO. } ss.

In the County Court.

Kate Renwick, Plaintiff vs. Charles Renwick, Defendant, summons

The People of the State of Colorado,

To Charles Renwick, the defendant above named, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the County court, of El Paso county, State of Colorado, and answer the complaint therein within twenty days after the service hereof, if served within this county; or if served out of this county, or by publication, within thirty days after the service thereof, exclusive of the day of service; or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of the complaint. And if a copy of the complaint in the above entitled action be not served with this summons, or if the service hereof be made out of this State, then ten days additional to the time hereinbefore specified for appearance and answer will be allowed before the taking of judgment by default as aforesaid.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant for the reason that defendant being in good bodily health has failed to make any provision whatever for the support of this plaintiff for more than one year last past, and still fails to make any such provision, although still in good bodily health. No alimony asked, as will more fully appear from the complaint in said action to which reference is here made.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear, and to answer the said complaint as above required the said plaintiff will proceed to take judgment against you by default according to law and the prayer of said complaint.

Given under my hand and seal of said court at my office, at Colorado Springs, in said county, this 19th day of December, A. D., 1890.

[SEAL] EDWARD F. WRIGHT, Clerk.
By HENRY M. BLACKMER, Deputy. wc-14-4

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

All parties interested will take notice that the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Wm. K. Farnum, deceased, on the third Monday of March, 1891, at the March term of the county court, El Paso county, Colo., at the court house in Colorado Springs, Colo., I will present to the county court my final report and make final settlement and ask to be discharged.

GILBERT W. PACKER,
Administrator of the estate of Wm. K. Farnum, deceased. wb-2-4